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WINTER
1980

ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT



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And Lots Of Times, You DID!

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NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT
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STICKERS**

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IN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

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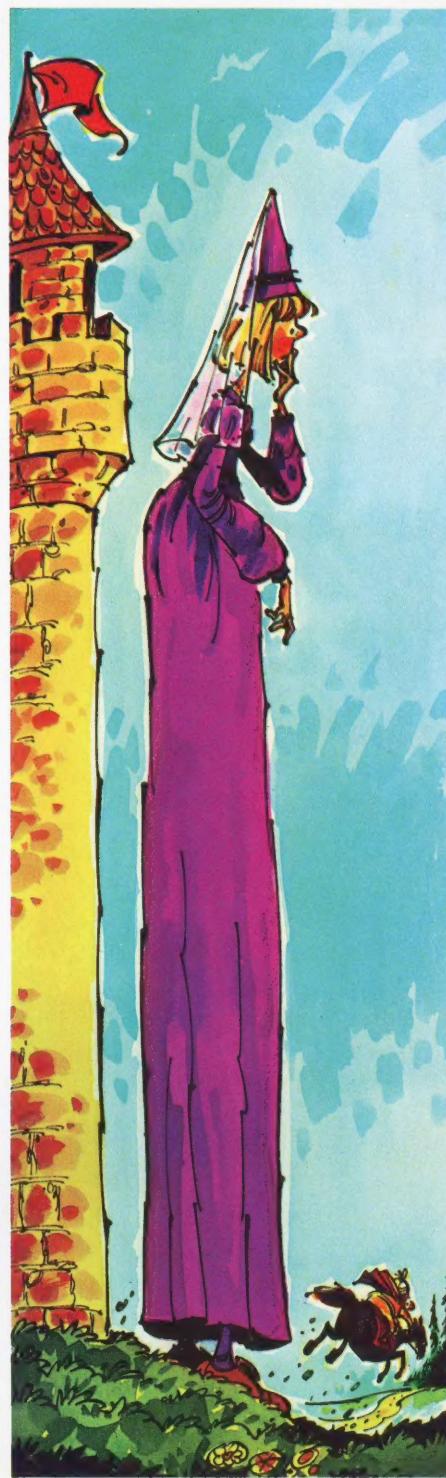
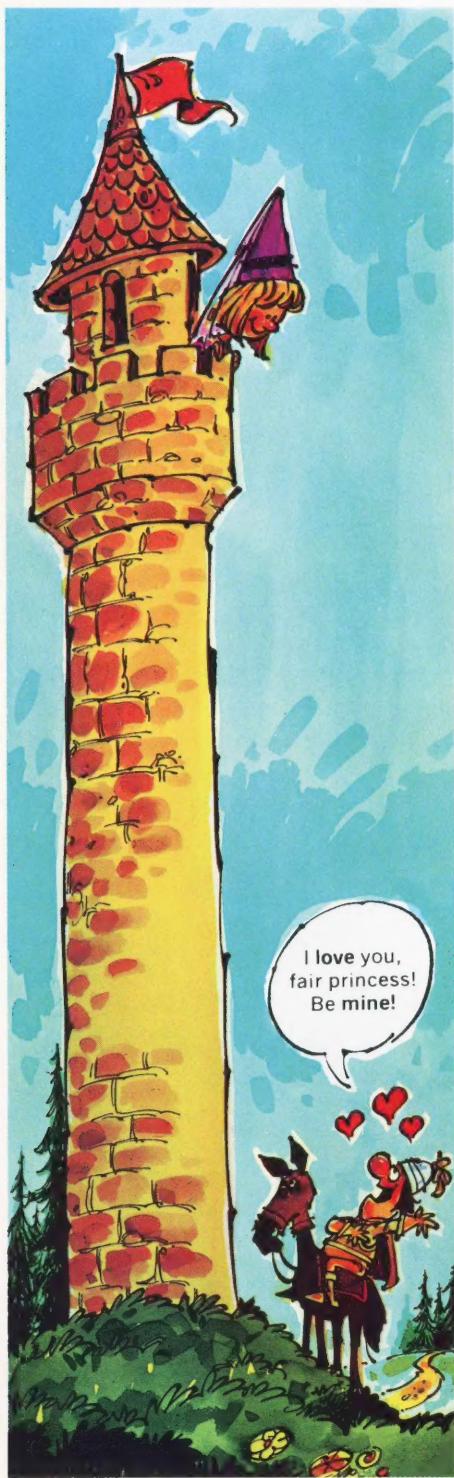


MORE

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE



(THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER)



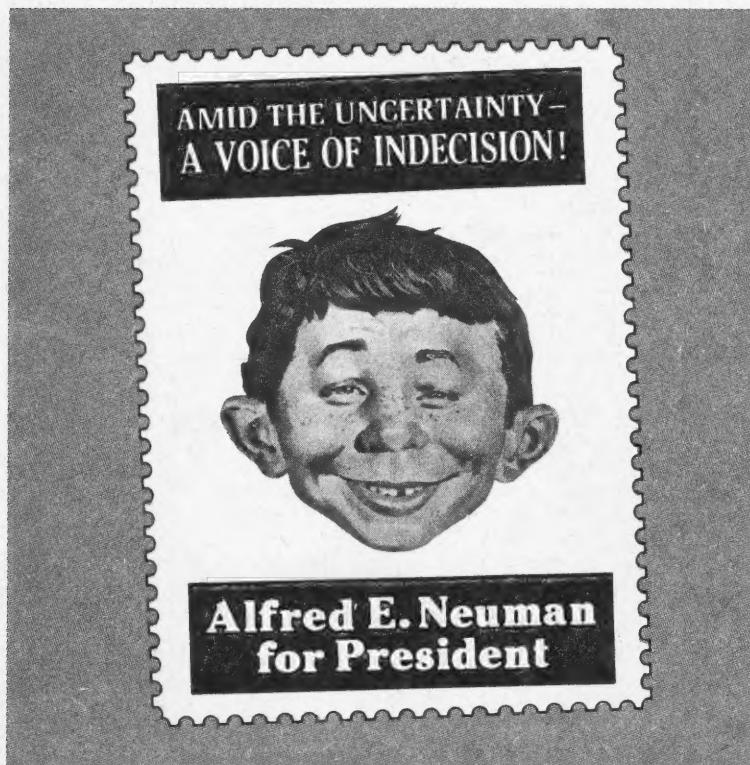
WINTER 1980 **MAD** SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

"The pen is mightier than the sword . . . except when it runs out of ink!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

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the usual gang of idiots



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LOONEY BINGE DEPT.

HERE WE GO WITH OUR VERSION OF THE RECENT SMASH-HIT-MOVIE ABOUT A

ONE CUCKOO FILE

My wife did a really terrible thing! She was unfaithful to me! Now, I know lots of wives are unfaithful to their Husbands! But mine was unfaithful to me WHILE I WAS MAKING LOVE TO HER!

If I don't get my way, I act like a little baby! Not all the time! Just once in a while! Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta wee-wee!

F-f-f-f-f-fort-fort-fortunately, m-m-m-m-m-p-p-p-prob-my problem d-d-doesn't sh-sh-sho-sh-sh-SHOW!

I'm just a little slow accomplishing things! Like this morning, it took me ten minutes to lace up my shoes! And I was trying to do it faster than usual by putting on Loafers!

I'm tired all the time! No matter how much sleep I get, I feel tired! Like . . . last night . . . I was so tired, I had to get UP from a deep sleep to take a NAP!

HE should complain! At least he's got a problem he can talk about! I'm deaf and dumb!! Just like in my LAST movie! Did you see me? I played the BUILDING in "Towering Inferno"!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

I think Mr. McGooey is going to be a "Live One," Nurse Wretched!

Don't let looks deceive you, Nurse Pillow! Now call off the things in his travel bag so I can write them on my list—

One pair of socks! Two tee-shirts! One pair of glasses . . . with fake nose and moustache attached! One large "Whoopee Cushion"! One mound of "Fake Doggie-Do"! one "Joy Buzzer" . . .

Hi there, guys! McGooey's the name! Faking Mental Illness is my game . . . !

M-m-m-my n-name is B-B-B-Billy Bib-Bib-Bib—

Let's keep it on a first name basis, kid! I'm not gonna be here long enough for you to finish telling me your last name!

I've got a pair!

You think YOU got a pair! Dig these French Cards! Now, that lady SHE's got a PAIR!

You treat being in a Mental Institution like it was a Party! Why are you in here?

I'm here to be observed! The Doctors think I have Terminal Charisma!



TROUBLE-MAKER AMONG THE INSANE! NO, IT'S NOT RALPH NADER! IT'S . . .

W OVER THE REST



Boy, this is some set of losers you're putting me in with! I didn't think people in Mental Institutions were that sick!

What are you talking about?! Those are the PATIENTS! You want to know about SICK . . . meet the STAFF of this place! THAT'S SICK!!

I've got a problem! I'm so good-natured on the outside, I turn my own insides! But if the truth be known, I do have one teeny-weeny fault! I love to castrate men—emotionally that is!

I've got a problem! I never talk unless I've got something important to say! The last time I spoke was in 1951!

We have a problem! We love to push people around and talk down to them! But don't get us wrong! We don't do it so much for the enjoyment of it! We do it for the cash!

I've got a problem! I'm good-natured and understanding and kind! I have respect for everybody's feelings! In other words . . . by today's general standards, I'm nuts!



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

McGoofy, I've been looking at your record! You've been lazy, belligerent, quarrelsome with authority, resentful toward work, hostile, outspoken . . .

Aw, c'mon, Doc! Gi'me a break! Read some of the good things!

These ARE the good things! Now let me read you some of the BAD things! You made love to a 15-year-old girl!

But, Doc! What ELSE could I do?! I mean, 15 is much too young to get married!

Well, yes, but 15 years old! That's terrible!!

Listen, Doc! She had a body that just wouldn't quit! I mean, I've been around!! And she showed me plenty that was new!

Hmmmm! I see!

Anything else you need to know, Doc . . . ?

Yes . . . uh . . . that girl! You don't happen to have her address and telephone number . . . do you??



Nurse Wretched, can I watch TV?

No, Mr. McGooey! It's time for our **Group Therapy Session**! Now, when we ended the last session, Mr. Hurting was telling us that he suspected his wife of **dating other men** . . . and some of you here hinted that you suspected Mr. Hurting of **dating other men**!

Wow!!
Forget
TV!!
This
is like
watching
"As The
World
Turns"
LIVE!!!

BBilly . . .
would you
like to
start the
meeting
today?

N-n-n-n—

BBilly . . . next
time, why don't
you just **nod**??
This is only an
hour session!

Mr. Hurting . . .
will you start?

Well, I can only speculate on the real
humanistic problems in juxtaposition
to the individuals involved! As form-
less as the content may appear on a
superficial or theanthropic level—

What are you talking about? I mean . . .
WHAT'N HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??!

If I knew
what the
hell I was
TALKING
about, I
wouldn't
BE HERE
you idiot!



Okay,
boys!
That's
all for
today!
It was
very
good!

Very good?!!
Nothing was
said! Nothing
was solved!
It was all
just yelling
and fighting!

I know! It
was very
good for
ME! I love
yelling and
fighting!
It's so—
so SICK!!

Come on,
Chief!
Let me
show you
how to
play
basketball!

Hey,
man!
He's
deaf
and
dumb!

So?!! If he has the makings
of an **UMPIRE**, he can learn
how to play **basketball**! Now,
you see this ball, Chief?!!
The object is to throw this
ball into the basket! Get
it? Ball . . . into basket . . .

That was **very** good, Chief . . .
except for one little detail!
You're supposed to wait until
I LET GO OF THE BALL!!



Okay . . . a
cigarette
is a dime!
Understand?
Now, who's
betting?

I'll bet
20 cents!
Where's
your two
cigarettes?

You
got
change
for
a
cigar?

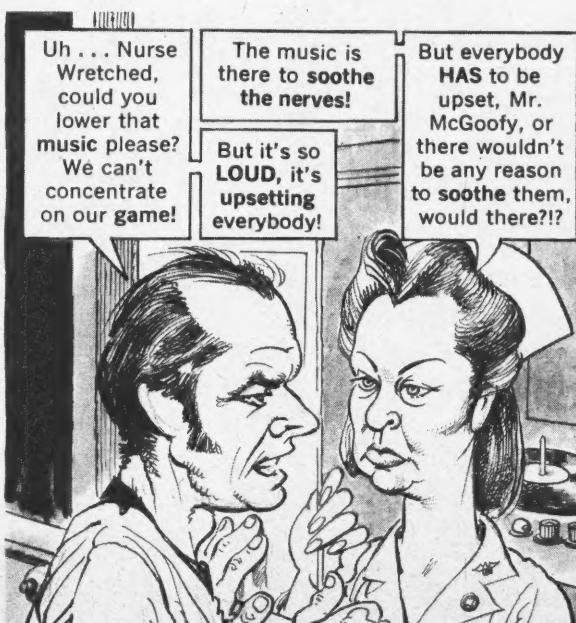
Uh . . . Nurse
Wretched,
could you
lower that
music please?
We can't
concentrate
on our game!

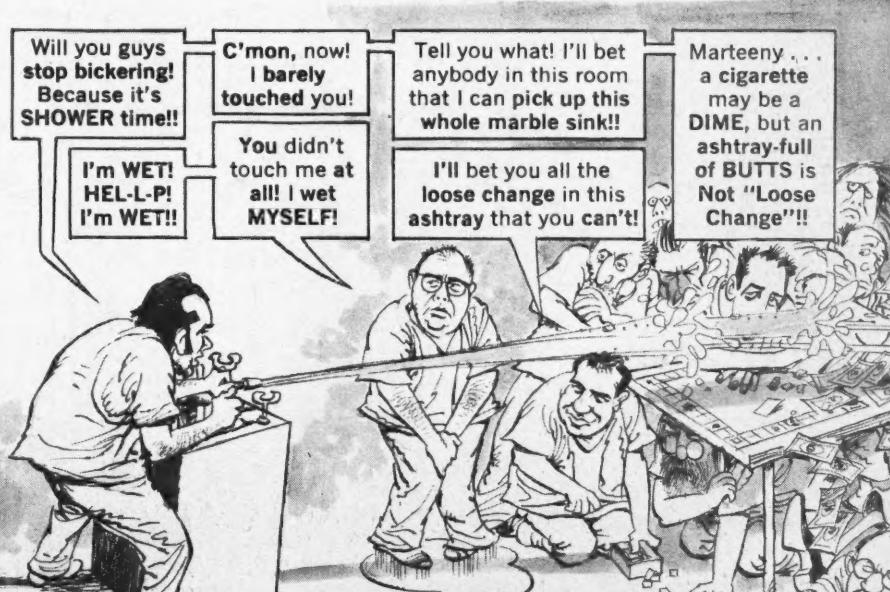
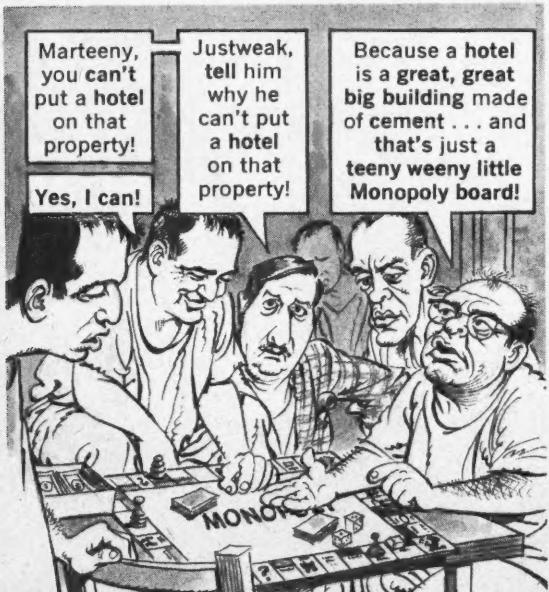
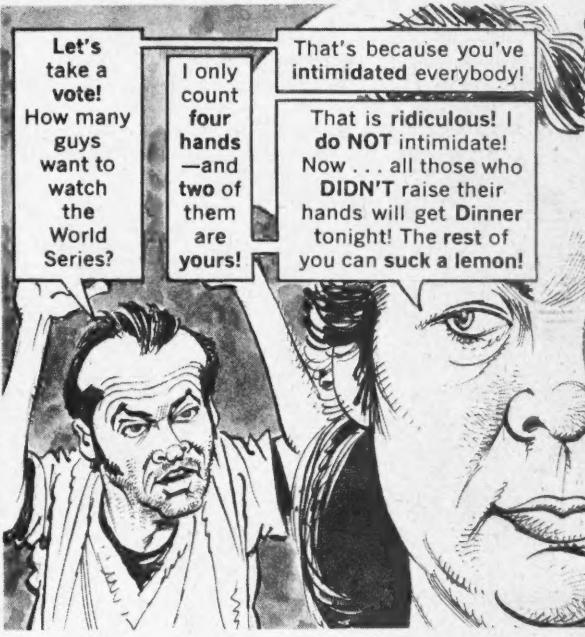
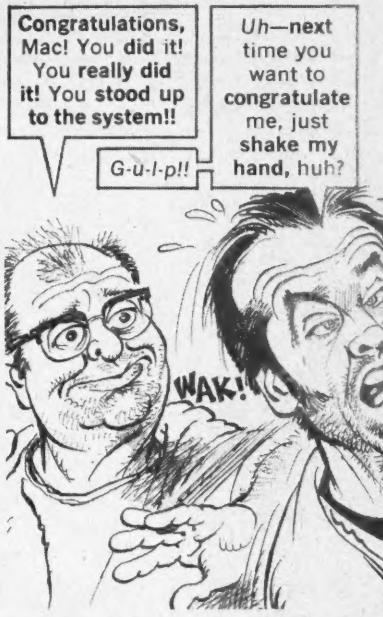
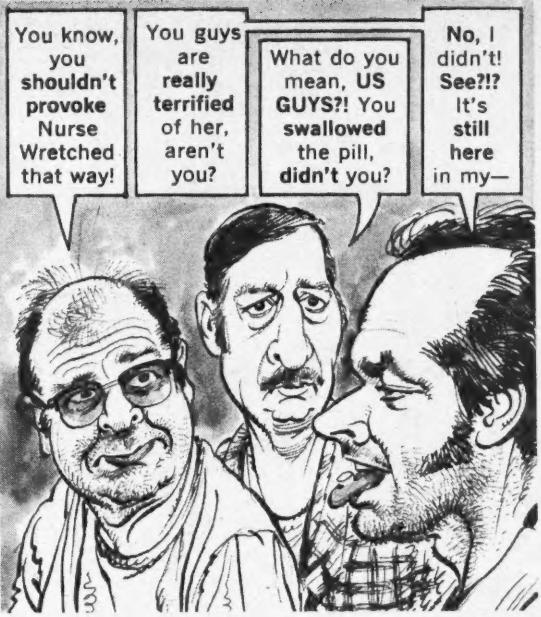
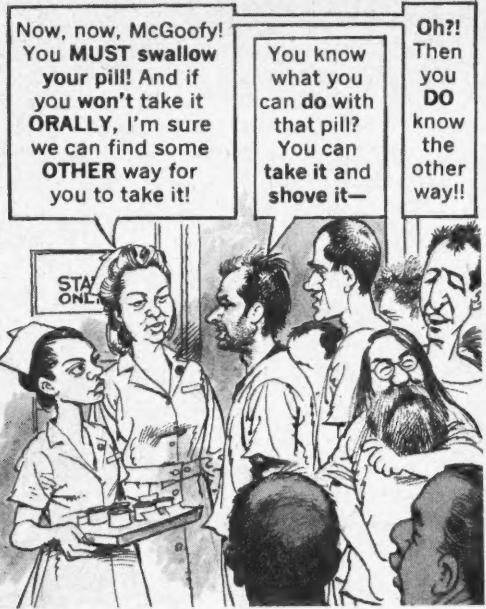
The music is
there to **soothe**
the **nerves**!
But it's so
LOUD, it's
upsetting
everybody!

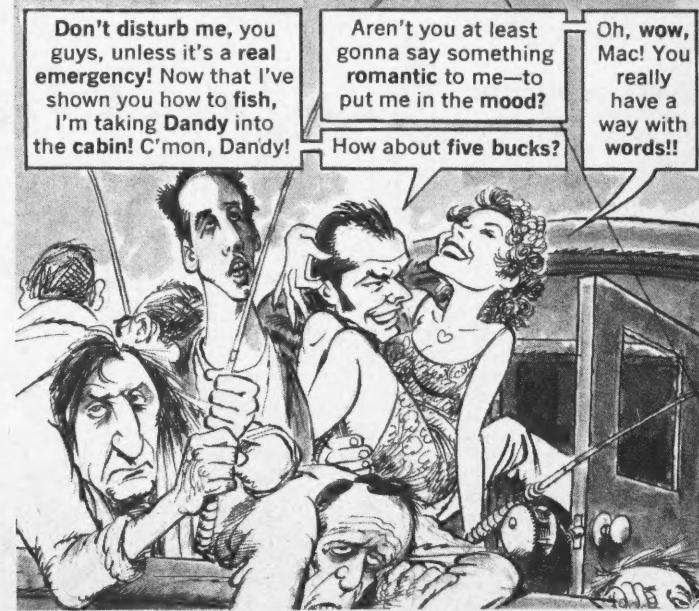
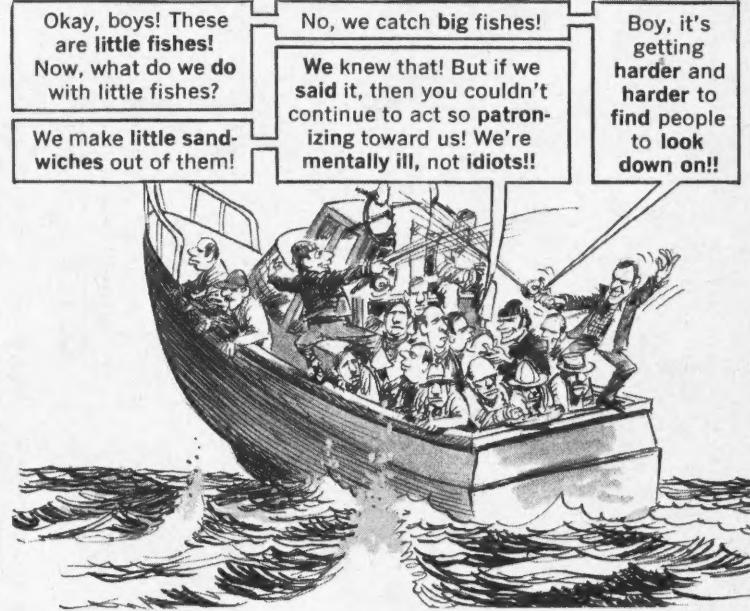
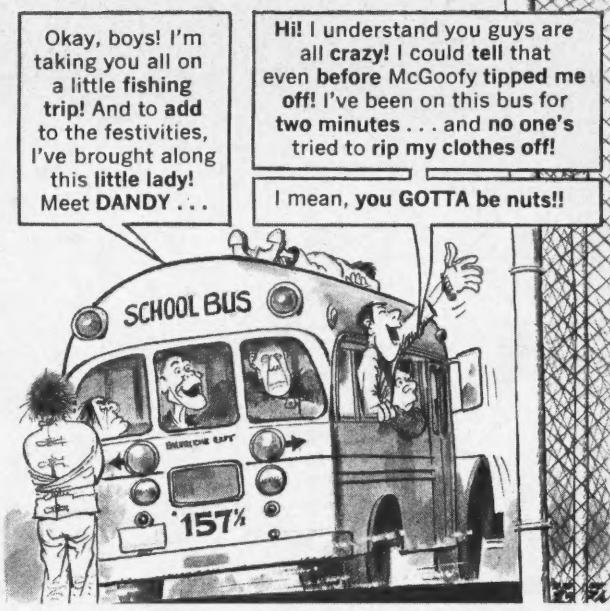
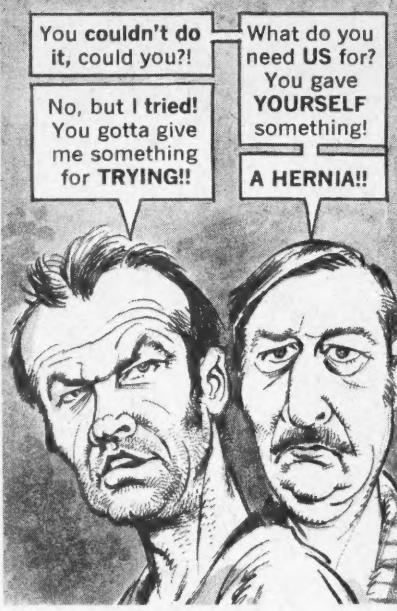
But everybody
HAS to be
upset, Mr.
McGoofy, or
there wouldn't
be any reason
to **soothe** them,
would there?!!

STOP IT!
STOP IT!
I will not
stop the
music!!

I can **LIVE** with the lousy
music! It's your **LOGIC**!!
I think it's beginning to
make **SENSE** to me . . . which
means I'm on my way to
being **REALLY NUTS**!!









Boys . . . Mr. McGooey has been running a gambling operation and you boys have been losing all your cigarettes to him! And so—as of this moment—there'll be no more gambling!

You wouldn't want to BET on that! I'll give you 10-to-1!

I'll TAKE that bet!! Put me down for ten cartons!

Wait a minute! I said no more gambling for the patients!

But I'm not a patient! I'm Nurse Pillow! Your Assistant!

My God! You've been so quiet all these years, I thought you were one of the chronics who had this "thing" for wearing a Nurse's uniform!

I want my cigarettes!

Stop acting like a baby and give me that . . . !

I am NOT acting like a BABY! And don't you dare touch my Teddy Bear! HELP!

EMERGENCY!! EMERGENCY!! Bring a strait jacket for Mr. McGooey, and a playpen for Mr. Justweak!



You may be deaf and dumb, but you sure can fight! You knocked the STUFFING out of that Teddy Bear! Also eight Guards! Thanks, Chief!

You're welcome, Mac!

Why you old son of a ⚡&★! You can TALK!! Why haven't you ever spoken before this?

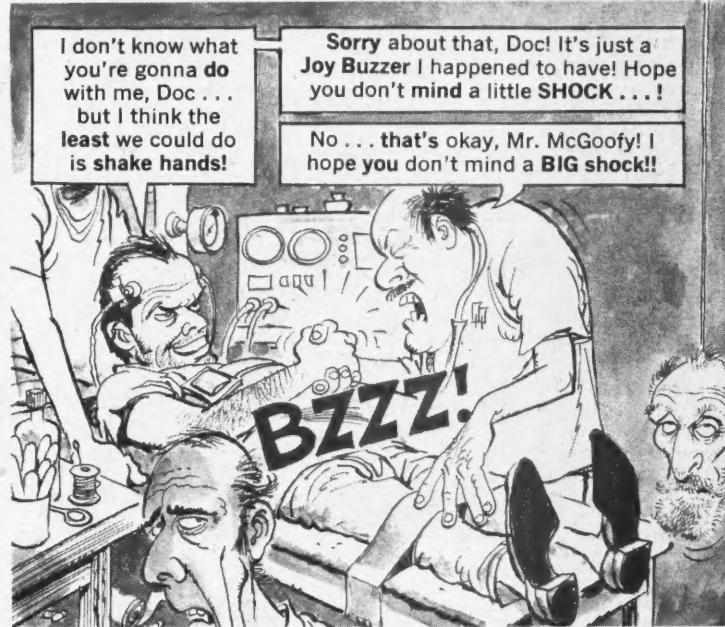
Oh, I dunno! Didn't you ever find yourself in one of those moods where you just don't feel like talking to anyone?

Yeah, I have! But not for sixteen straight years!

I don't know what you're gonna do with me, Doc . . . but I think the least we could do is shake hands!

Sorry about that, Doc! It's just a Joy Buzzer I happened to have! Hope you don't mind a little SHOCK . . . !

No . . . that's okay, Mr. McGooey! I hope you don't mind a BIG shock!!



Evidently, the shock therapy had no effect on you, Mr. McGooey! You come back here—and you're still clowning around!

Now . . . please put out those candles!

They're not CANDLES! They're my FINGERS GLOWING! And if you wanna see TOES glow, I'll take off my shoes!!

We got to get out of here, Chief! Fun's fun, but the laughs are getting further between!

You go, Mac! I'm not ready! I'm not big enough, yet!

"Not BIG enough yet?" Listen, Chief, you're the only man I know who plays basketball by throwing the ball DOWN!

I've planned a farewell party for the boys, Mr. Turkey! Unlock the window gates, and I'll give you ten bucks!

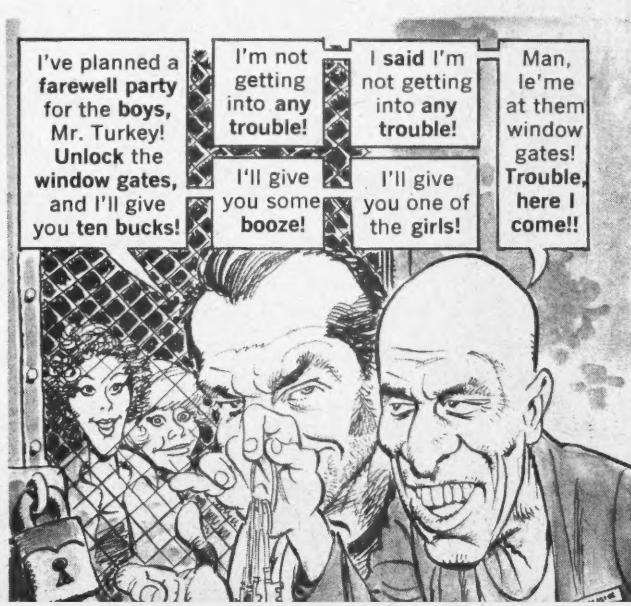
I'm not getting into any trouble!

I'll give you some booze!

I said I'm not getting into any trouble!

I'll give you one of the girls!

Man, le'me at them window gates! Trouble, here I come!!



Medication time, boys!
Marteeny gets Gin . . .
Hurting gets Rye . . .
BBilly gets Scotch . . .
Justweak gets Yoo-Hoo!

We're in trouble! Here comes the SUPERVISOR!

Don't worry!
We got enough for her, too!

What are those women doing in this Ward!

I think it's the Fox Trot!!

I think it's the HUSTLE!

Gee, Ma'am, this is 1963!
The Hustle hasn't been invented yet!

Mr. Turkey . . . the Hustle SHE'S doing was invented thousands of years ago!!

Don't be angry, Ma'am! It's just that people have—uh—certain natural URGES that call out to be SATISFIED!

Get them out of here, and then I want to talk to you about those "urges"!

Shall I come to your office??

No . . . meet me in the basement behind the boiler . . . and bring some of that booze!



Well, g'bye gang!
I'm off to Canada!

G-g-g-g-good-b-b-b-b-bye, M-M-M-

Could you speed it up, BBilly?
The train leaves in four hours!

C-could I—I—

You—you want a date with Dandy?? Sure!! Why not?! On ONE CONDITION! You can do anything you want with her! ANYTHING!! Except . . . **NO TALKING!**

LOOK at this place! Maybe NOW Nurse Wretched will finally show some emotion!

Mr. Pock!
Start picking up this mess!

Mr. Mark!
See if anyone is missing!

Nurse Pillow!
Arrange the features on my face to show extreme anger!



Everyone's here except BBilly—and he's in that room . . . making love to a woman!

Is he finished?

No, he's still on the "I-love" of "I love you!"

Well, BBilly, are you ASHAMED of what you've done?

Frankly, no, Nurse Wretched! It's an experience I've dreamed about, and I'm glad it finally came to fruition!

BBilly . . . you are a terrible disappointment to me!

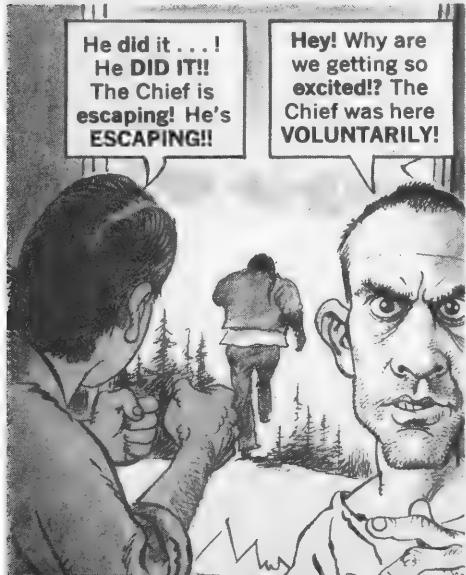
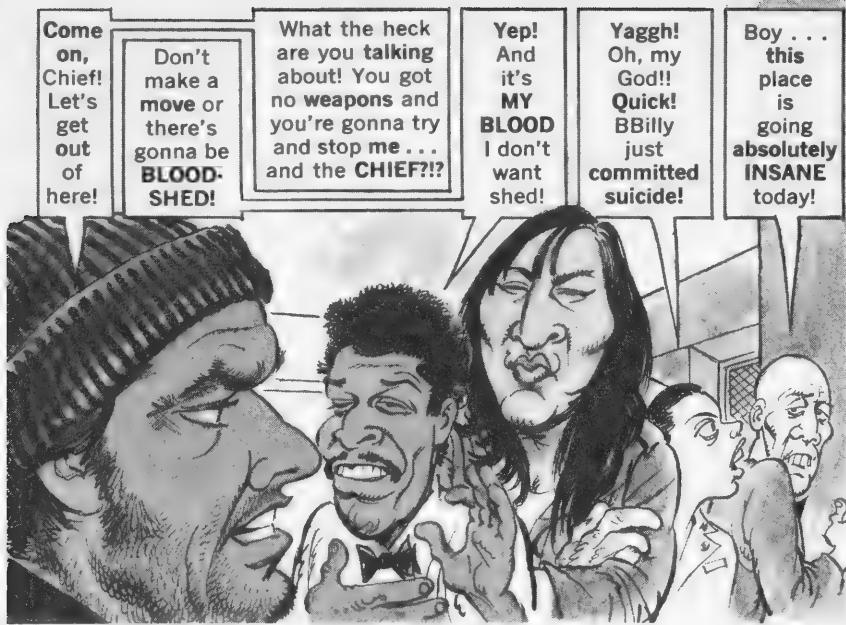
What . . . ? For making love to a woman . . . ?

Not so much for that as the nerve of you to stop STUTTERING without my PERMISSION! Your Mother will hear about this!!

N-n-no!
P-p-p-p-please
d-d-d-d-d-don't
t-t-tell
m-m-m-my
M-mother!

That's better! But I'm STILL going to tell her because I see something in you today that I've never seen before and I want to destroy it immediately! That rotten SELF-CONFIDENCE!!

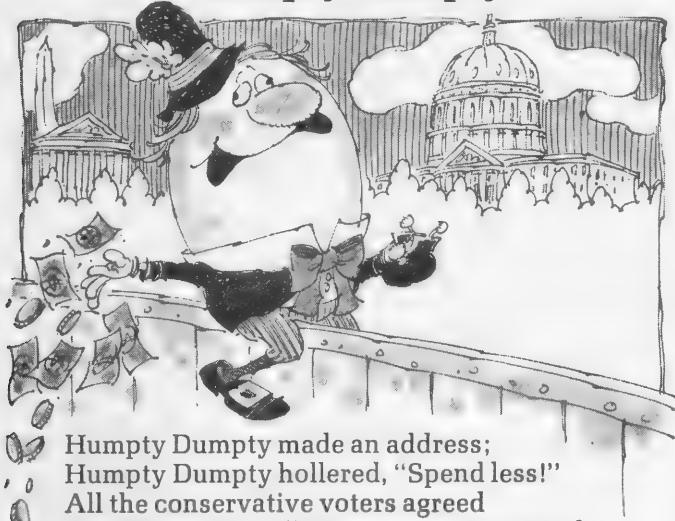




VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

What's going on in Nursery Land these days? Well, Tom, Tom the Piper's Son is stuffing ballot boxes, and Jack and Mrs. Sprat are splitting their votes between the Democrats and G.O.P. In other words, it's voting time for Solomon Grundy and his friends, which is our way of introducing . . .

Humpty Dumpty

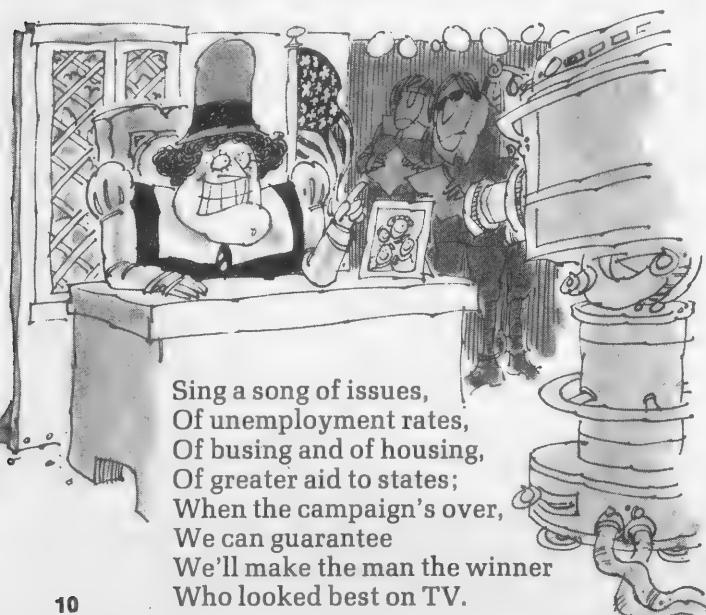


Humpty Dumpty made an address;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend less!"
All the conservative voters agreed
That Humpty in office was sure to succeed.

Humpty Dumpty spoke to the poor;
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend more!"
All of the liberal voters concurred
That Humpty by far was the one they preferred.

Humpty Dumpty stays on the fence;
Humpty Dumpty knows this makes sense;
He'll win all the voters up North and down South
By making full use of both sides of his mouth.

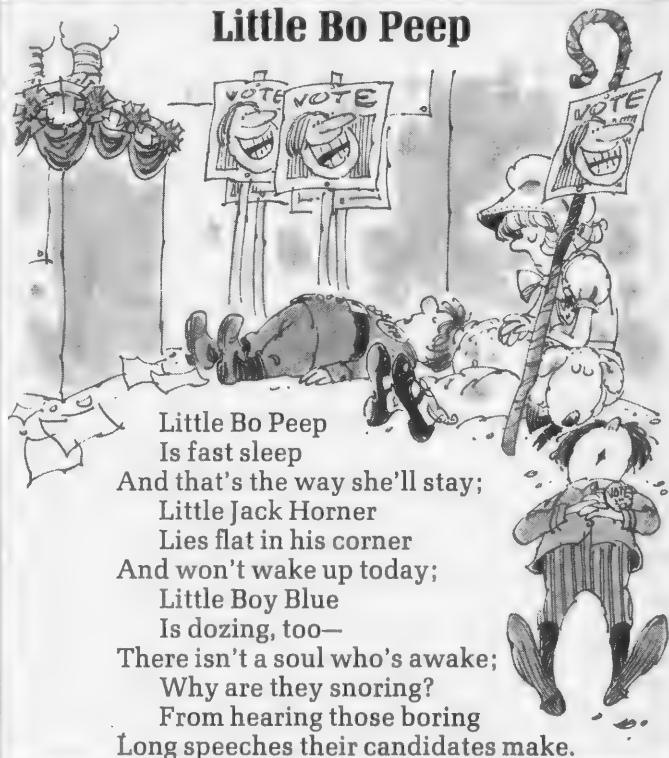
Sing a Song of Issues



Sing a song of issues,
Of unemployment rates,
Of busing and of housing,
Of greater aid to states;
When the campaign's over,
We can guarantee
We'll make the man the winner
Who looked best on TV.

MAD'S

Little Bo Peep



Little Bo Peep
Is fast sleep
And that's the way she'll stay;
Little Jack Horner
Lies flat in his corner
And won't wake up today;
Little Boy Blue
Is dozing, too—
There isn't a soul who's awake;
Why are they snoring?
From hearing those boring
Long speeches their candidates make.

The Crooked Man



There was a crooked man,
And he had a crooked laugh,
And he ran a crooked office,
And he hired a crooked staff.

He served a crooked term,
And he did a crooked job,
And he rammed through crooked bills
For a crooked local mob.

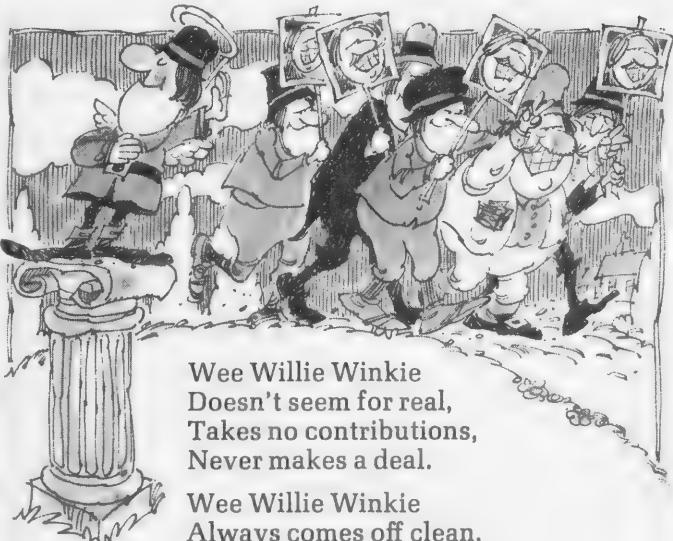
Why back the crooked man
When his crooked ways you see?
Because the rival candidate
Is crookeder than he.

ELECTION-YEAR MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Wee Willie Winkie

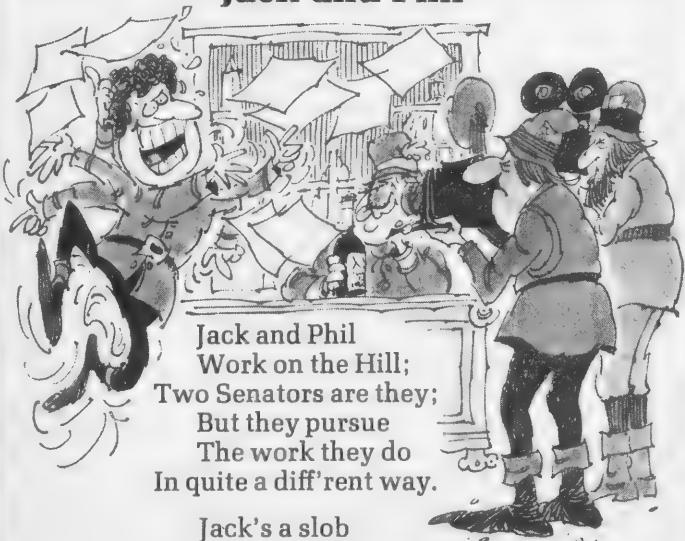


Wee Willie Winkie
Doesn't seem for real,
Takes no contributions,
Never makes a deal.

Wee Willie Winkie
Always comes off clean,
Free from all corruption,
Owned by no machine.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rids himself of sin;
Maybe that's why Willie
Never seems to win.

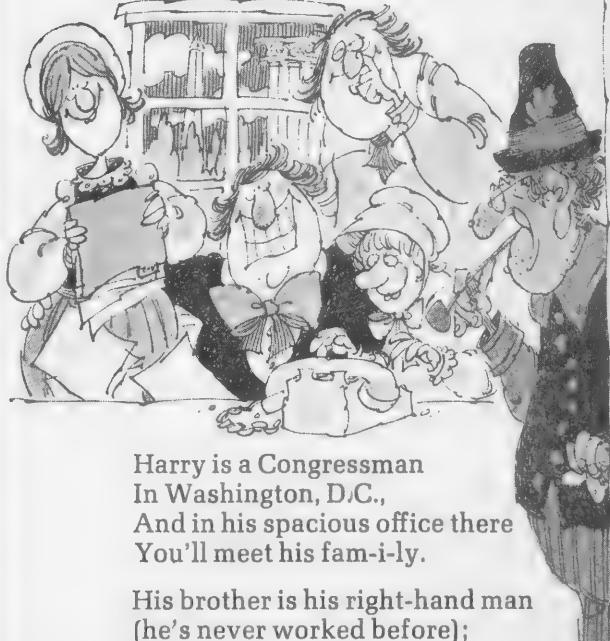
Jack and Phil



Jack and Phil
Work on the Hill;
Two Senators are they;
But they pursue
The work they do
In quite a diff'rent way.

Jack's a slob
Who muffs his job,
While Phil achieves perfection;
It should be clear
Which one this year
Is up for re-election.

Harry is a Congressman



Harry is a Congressman
In Washington, D.C.,
And in his spacious office there
You'll meet his fam-i-ly.

His brother is his right-hand man
(he's never worked before);
His father gets 12 grand a year
(he's paid to shut the door).

His wife works as his filing clerk
(she cannot read or write);
His daughter mans the telephone
(a chimp is twice as bright).

Today when unemployment's high
And folks can't pay their rents,
How nice to know one fam-i-ly's
Found work—at our expense.

The Other Day Upon the Stair



The other day upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today;
I think he's from the C.I.A.

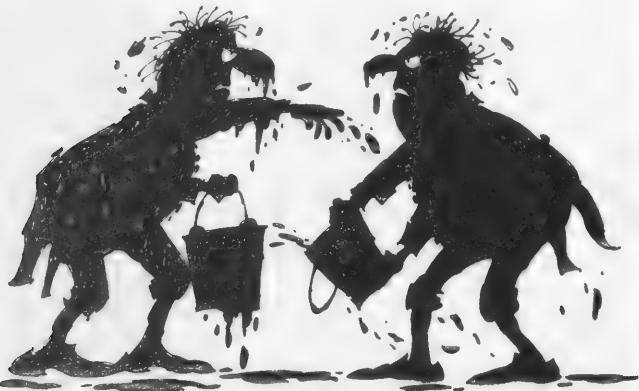
Taffy Was a Rich Man



Taffy was a rich man;
Taffy was connected;
Taffy spent five hundred grand
To get his man elected.

Taffy's now Ambassador
And struts around with pride;
Why don't you spend five hundred grand
And you'll be qualified.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were running for the House,
When Tweedledum smeared Tweedledee
By calling him a louse.

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Had caused a vicious stink,
Then spread the word that Tweedledum
Was going to a "Shrink."

Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Was vile and full of bunk;
"The problem is," said Tweedledum,
"That Tweedledee's a drunk."

Tweedledee said Tweedledum
Was wrong in ev'ry way,
Then whispered to a columnist
That Tweedledum was gay.

Today I heard that Tweedledee
Was spotted at an orgy;
To hell with both—Election Day
I'll write in Georgie Porgie!

As I Was Watching NBC



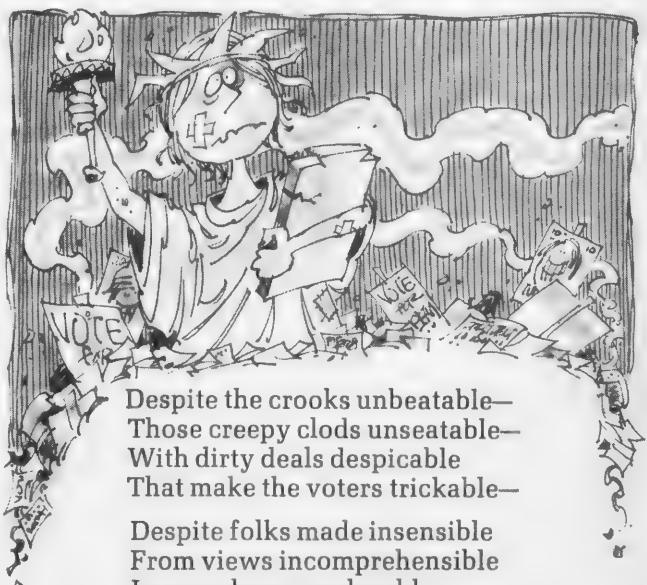
As I was watching NBC,
I heard a newsman telling me
Although returns were barely in
That A would lose and B would win.

As I was watching CBS,
I heard an analyst profess
That his computer could foresee
That C should now concede to D.

As I was watching ABC,
I heard that F would unseat E,
And, from 12 votes in Tennessee,
That H would wind up beating G.

As I turned off my set, I swore,
"What good are voters anymore?
"We might as well get rid of them
"And leave the vote to IBM."

Despite the Crooks Unbeatables

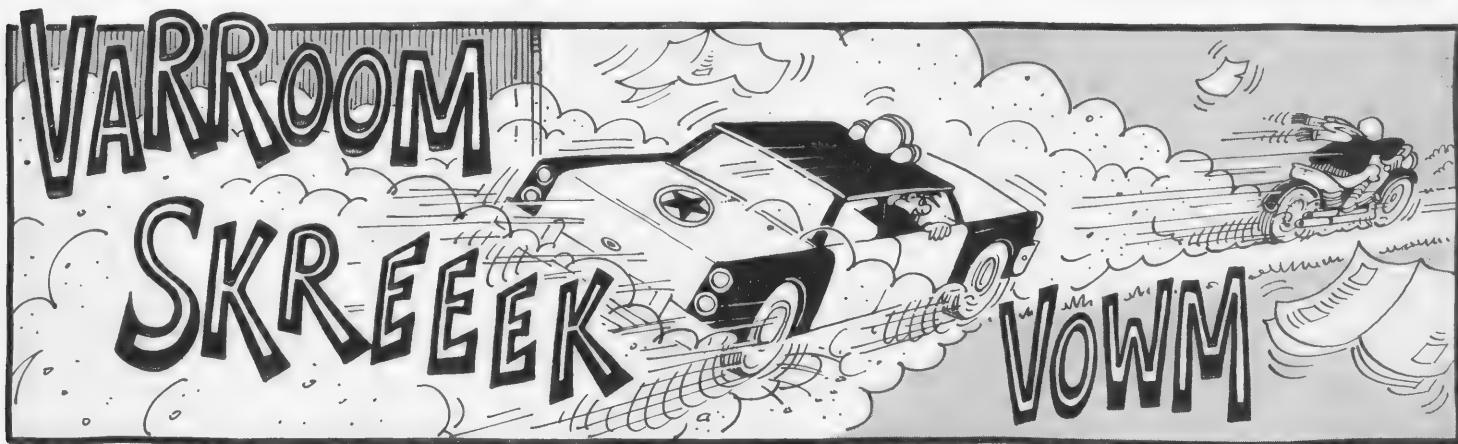


Despite the crooks unbeatable—
Those creepy clods unseatable—
With dirty deals despicable
That make the voters trickable—

Despite folks made insensible
From views incomprehensible
In speeches unendurable
By party hacks incurable—

Despite campaigns regrettable
With promises forgettable—
Despite the rumors spreadable—
Our system works—Incredible!

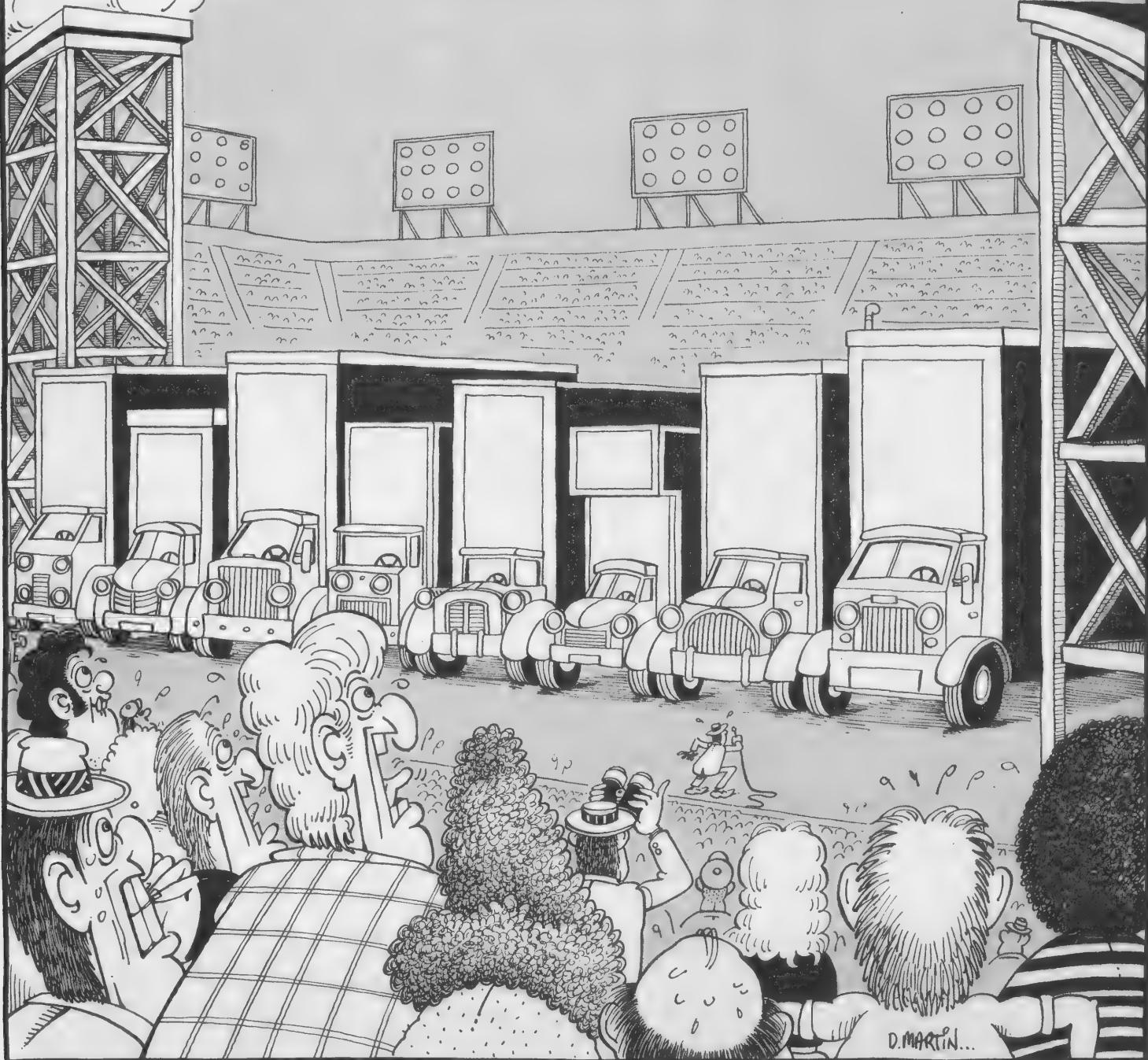
ONE DAY ON THE HIGHWAY



WEE WEE WEE WEE WEE

FROOM

POW





Hi! I'm Julie Eisonpower with another in-depth interview for MAD Magazine! Why me? I don't know, either! They said they needed somebody who was "close to deception," but I don't know what that has to do with me! I don't know anyone like that, except for my interviewee, Mr. Alan Caveat-Emptor...

MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: STAN HART

Don't you feel guilty about treating America's youngsters so unfairly...?

Kid, we're saints compared to some! Listen, there's ONE outfit that takes OLD GARBAGE... puts a fancy new wrapper around it... and sells it to the suckers for a BUCK!!

What company is that awful???

The one that sent you on this interview! Ever study a MAD Magazine "Special"???



Have you made any advances in this area?

Yeah, but she always says "no"!!

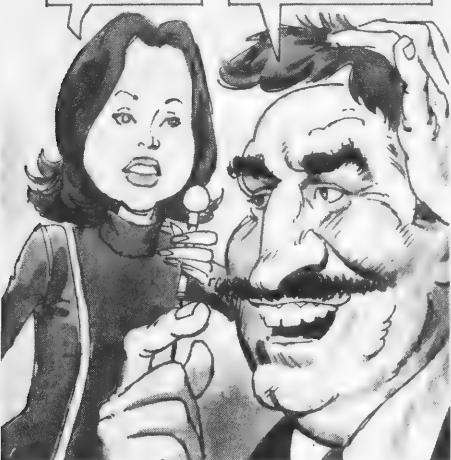
I don't understand

Neither do I! How can she resist a face like mine? This wavy hair, this winning smile?



Let's stick to the subject of packaging . . .

This is packaging! I've got an expensive hair piece, capped teeth, the works!



I mean some of your successful attempts!

Well, our work with the razor blade people has been sharp! Only one blade can be used at a time, but how many can be bought at a time? Five, ten, twenty . . . welcome to the Wonderful World of Multi-Pak!



It appears to be an advantage to the consumer!

Appears is my middle name! The Multi-Pak allows us to sandwich second-rate blades between the first-rate blades! If the first and last shaves are smooth, the consumer forgets everything in-between!



I think it's just dreadful that you channel all your energies . . .

Energy! That's where it's at today! Everything is battery operated! Profit, thy name is Multi-Pak! Look at this winner—our best-selling 3-pak!

Is it the best deal for the money?

The worst! Most gadgets that operate on this sized battery need either 2 or 4 batteries to run it! By packaging them only in sets of three, well, you can see what it means!

They can save the extra and . . .

Dead before they ever get to use it! It's "3-pak time" again!

Another miracle of modern packaging, the blister pak! Let's watch that man try to open one . . .

It looks difficult!

Wrong—impossible!



You sound as if you're pleased . . .

Of course! It was my idea! The customer gets so frustrated, he has to buy aspirin!

And you just happen to package that, too!

Considering who you are, you're pretty smart! Yes, aspirin is another winner for me! The "child proof" protection cap was an inspiration!

You mean because children can't open it?

I take back what I said, dummy! No, because adults can't open it, either! More headaches!

Which means, of course more sales!

I take back what I just took back!



Welcome to the Wonderful World of Disposables! When you don't need it anymore—you get rid of it!

How did you arrive at that idea?

By observing how people in ad agencies treat their business associates!

Chauvinistically speaking, packaging for men is small potatoes! Packaging for women—that's where the fun is! See that woman looking at those steaks?

It's what she doesn't see that brings in the profits!



CONSUMER RESEARCH

SUPERMARKET TESTING DEPT.



Isn't there some talk that feeding meat wrapped in this kind of plastic causes cancer in rats?

If you're rich enough to feed your rats meat, you're rich enough not to worry about what happens to them!

Why are those women squeezing those rolls of toilet paper?

Because of the big ad campaign telling them not to! It's the old "forbidden fruit" game! And the sales have been tremendous!

I guess people prefer softer toilet tissue!

Don't be a ninny! Tissue is tissue! Anything that's wound loosely is gonna feel softer!



Another example of where the public is buying air?

Exactly! And if they don't like it, they know what they can do with it! Come to think of it, that's what they do do with it whether they like it or not!

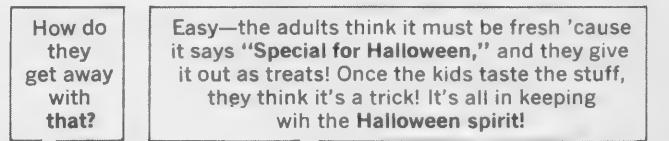
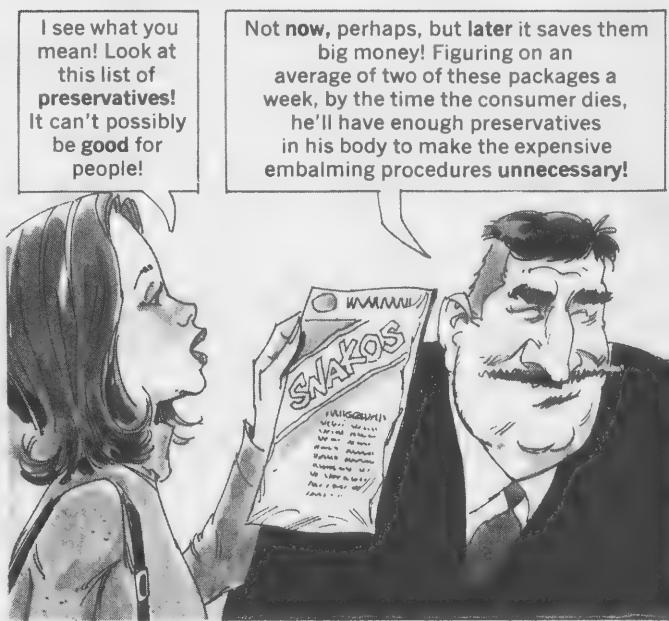
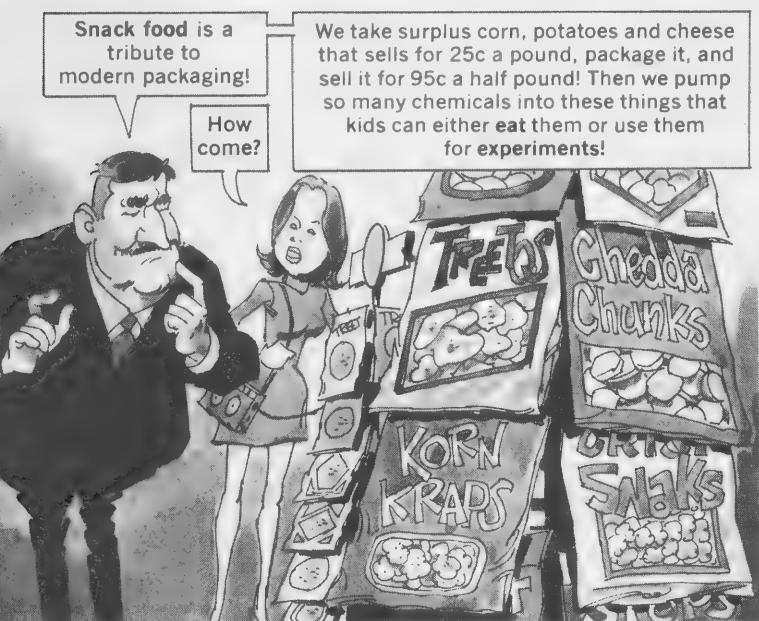
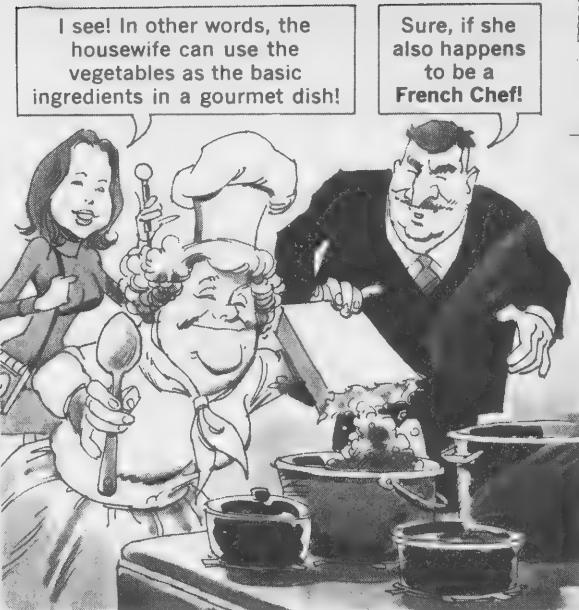
How about that woman weighing those packages of paper towels! One obviously weighs more than the other! Is that another case of "air"?

No, one really does weigh more than the other!

Well, I'm glad to see one case of honest ...

Honest, shmonest! The cardboard tube in the center weighs more!





Part of the fun in this business is finding additional uses for products! Like this baking soda! We tell people to place an open box in their refrigerators!

Oh, I've seen those ads. The baking soda is supposed to guard against bad odors!

Right! And when they want to bake, they end up buying two boxes!

You mean because they forgot about the one in the refrigerator?

Correct! No American housewife ever knows what's in her refrigerator! Besides, even if she does remember, who's gonna use that stuff for baking after it's trapped all those lousy smells.



And now, the coup de grace! Le gran finale! The spray can! The wonderful, beautiful, glorious spray can!

But isn't the gas used in spray cans harmful? Scientists claim it will affect the atmospheric layers that protect us from the sun's rays and . . .

What do scientists know? Didn't they once say the world was flat!

Yes, but then they agreed it was round!

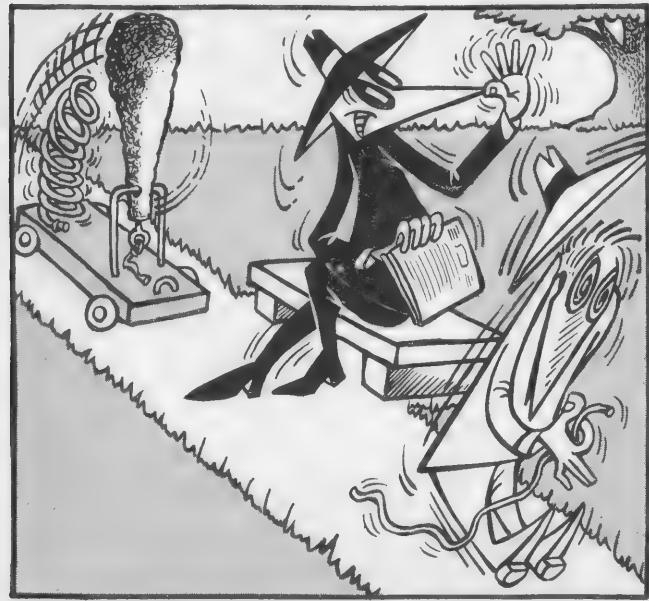
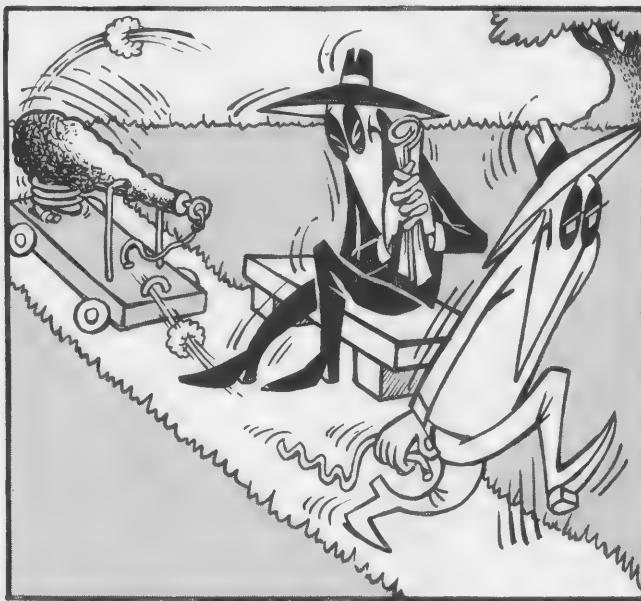
If they can change their minds about the world, they can change their minds about spray cans!



It's amazing—just by dressing up a product, you can get people to buy it no matter how foolish or useless or dopey it is! What a sad commentary on the American people!

If you think that's sad, wait'll you see the big nothing we're packaging for the public to buy in November . . .





DOCKET TO 'EM DEPT.

A few issues back, we announced that you could now stop daydreaming about "fighting the system" and actually do something about it...mainly, drag those big, arrogant institutions into court and make them pay for all the incompetence, indifference and indignities they've heaped upon you over the years. Because the latest legal fad sweeping the country is the "Class Action Suit." All you need to file one is round up a few hundred other victims who are as hopping mad as you are, hire an attorney to file the legal briefs, and gain satisfaction and self-respect by "throwing the book" at the bums. Here then, you victims, are...

MORE LAWSUITS We'd Like To See

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH



Civil Court for
Uncivil Allegations
District of Columbia
District

THE BAMBOOZLED CONSUMERS OF TELEVISIONLAND versus THE FORKED TONGUED ADVERTISING AGENCIES OF AMERICA

Herein charged with:
Telling baldfaced lies
for fun and profit



HAVING ESTABLISHED that all aspirin is
really alike, and

HAVING ESTABLISHED that ugly men who use
expensive after-shave lotion still wind up
with ugly girls, and

HAVING ESTABLISHED that results of
gasoline economy runs are never duplicated
by normal people driving normal cars,

THE PLAINTIFFS now seek redress of
grievances against all named defendants in
the form of (1) prompt refund of money as
promised by advertising copywriters, and (2)
prompt imprisonment of advertising copy-
writers as provided by anti-fraud laws.



Court of Last Resort
26th District

**SICKLY CITIZENS
OF THE
CENTRAL STATES**
seeking vengeance against
**THE
MEMBERSHIP OF THE
AMERICAN MEDICAL
ASSOCIATION**

Summary of Charges Levied
Herein: Utilizing Arrogance
to reduce patients to
blubbering vegetables



DETERMINING beyond all doubt that doctors arrogantly schedule office calls in a manner calculated to keep infected patients crowded together in waiting rooms for long periods of time, and

DETERMINING FURTHER that said periods of anxious waiting time are designed to stupify patients into quick acceptance of mis-diagnosis and costly treatment.

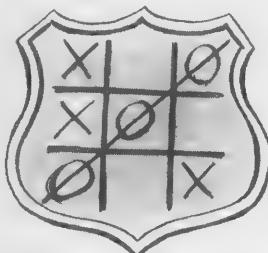
NOW, THEREFORE, said patients demand court permission to send bills to their doctors based on the following schedule of fees:

Forced waiting time beyond scheduled appointment hour—
-\$1.00 per minute

Contagious diseases caught from other waiting patients—
-\$50.00 per illness

Receiving prescription for drug that worsens conditions—
-\$25.00

Ego destroyed by doctor's standard office procedures—
-\$100.00



The Fairly Unappealing
Court of Appeals
Northern
Ohio District

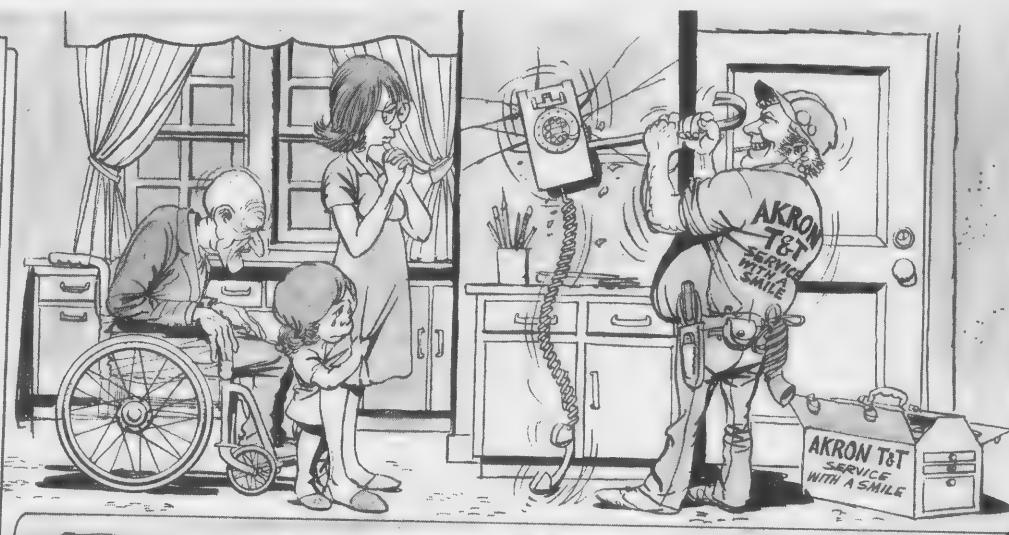
**THE DISCONNECTED
TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS
OF AKRON, OHIO**

(As Plaintiff)
vs.

**THE DISINTERESTED
EMPLOYEES OF THE
AKRON TELEPHONE CO.**

(As Defendant)

The Charge as Detailed
Herein:
Behaving like a bunch of
\$%&! for no \$%&! good reason!



THE AGGRIEVED PLAINTIFFS come now before this court to seek cash judgements from the defendants after suffering suspension of telephone service for any or all of the following invalid reasons:

1. Customer refusal to pay for operator-assisted call to the right number in the wrong code area.
2. Voicing complaint about perpetual monthly charge for Princess phone that was never ordered.
3. Resisting acceptance of collect calls from unknown parties who were trying to reach someone else anyway.
4. Objecting to extra charge for restoration of service after it was disconnected for any of the above listed reasons.



The Superior
Superior Court
Superior, Wisconsin

THE
DISENCHANTED RECENT
GRADUATES OF
HOOHACK COLLEGE
vs.
THE
ADMINISTRATION
AND FACULTY OF
HOOHACK COLLEGE

General Allegations
Brought Forth:
Offering a \$12,000 education
that qualifies students for
\$6,000 jobs.



WHEREAS the plaintiffs have paid exorbitant tuition to sit through such required courses as "Introduction to French Poetry," "Intermediate Anthropology" and "Advanced Urban Problem Solving," and

WHEREAS knowledge acquired in said courses has proved utterly worthless in obtaining better jobs than those available to tenth grade drop-outs,

THE PLAINTIFFS do, therefore, each demand damage payments in the amount of \$20,000 per annum until reaching the normal age of retirement, if they could ever find a decent job to retire from, which they can't.



Overloaded
Circuit Court
Sault Stuck Machines,
Michigan

THE
ALLIANCE OF HARASSED
CREDIT CARD
HOLDERS
in class action against
THE
COMPUTERIZED
CREDIT CARD BILLING
COMPANIES OF
AMERICA

Summary of Charges:
Lots of felonious stuff arising
from defendants' refusal to
admit that their computers are
complete idiots.



AS PARTIAL REPAYMENT for outrages suffered by the plaintiffs at the hands of the defendants, cash awards based on the following schedule are demanded for each proven case of computerized larceny:

1. Plaintiff billed for more than 500 gallons of gasoline, all allegedly pumped into the same car on the same date—\$100.

2. Exorbitant statement presented for motel rooms in a city where the plaintiff has never been—\$150.

3. Automatically placing bills for several credit card holders in the same envelope, and demanding that recipient pay all of them—\$225.

4. Instance of computer adding two single digit numbers together, and getting a total of more than 1,000,000—\$400.

5. Contention that the card holder kept eating the same meal in the same restaurant on the same day until charges exceeded \$500—\$1.00.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

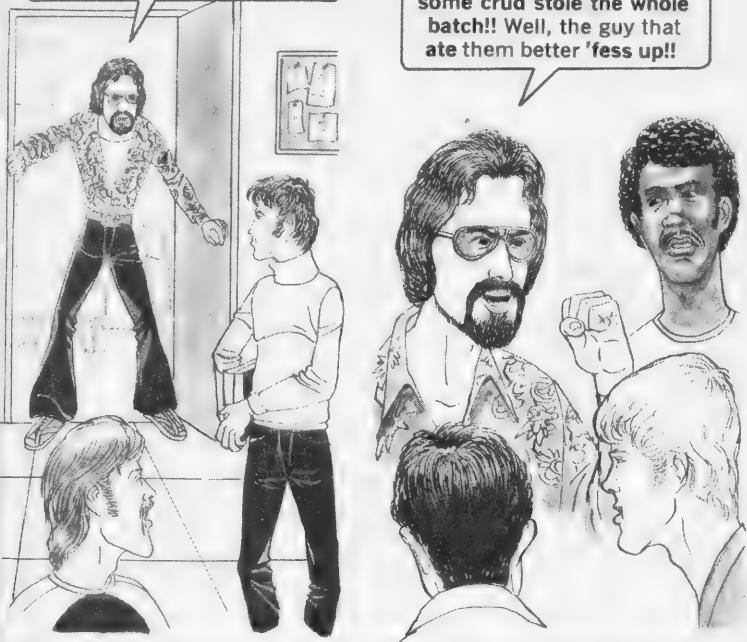
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

LIVING



**THERE'S A CROOK
IN THIS DORM!!**

My Mother sent me a box of cookies this morning, and some crud stole the whole batch!! Well, the guy that ate them better 'fess up!!



TOGETHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Wow! You're not just preparing dinner! You're making a seven-course banquet!

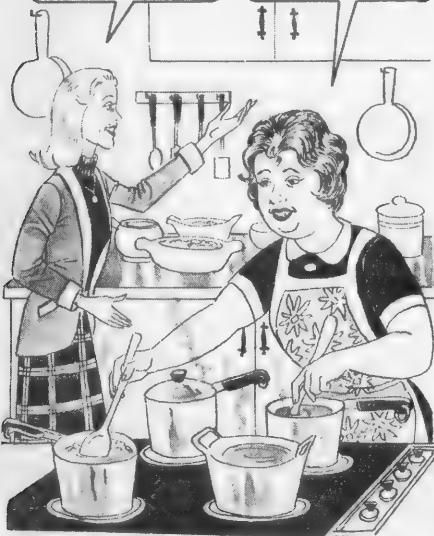
Not exactly! It's just that each member of the family likes different things!

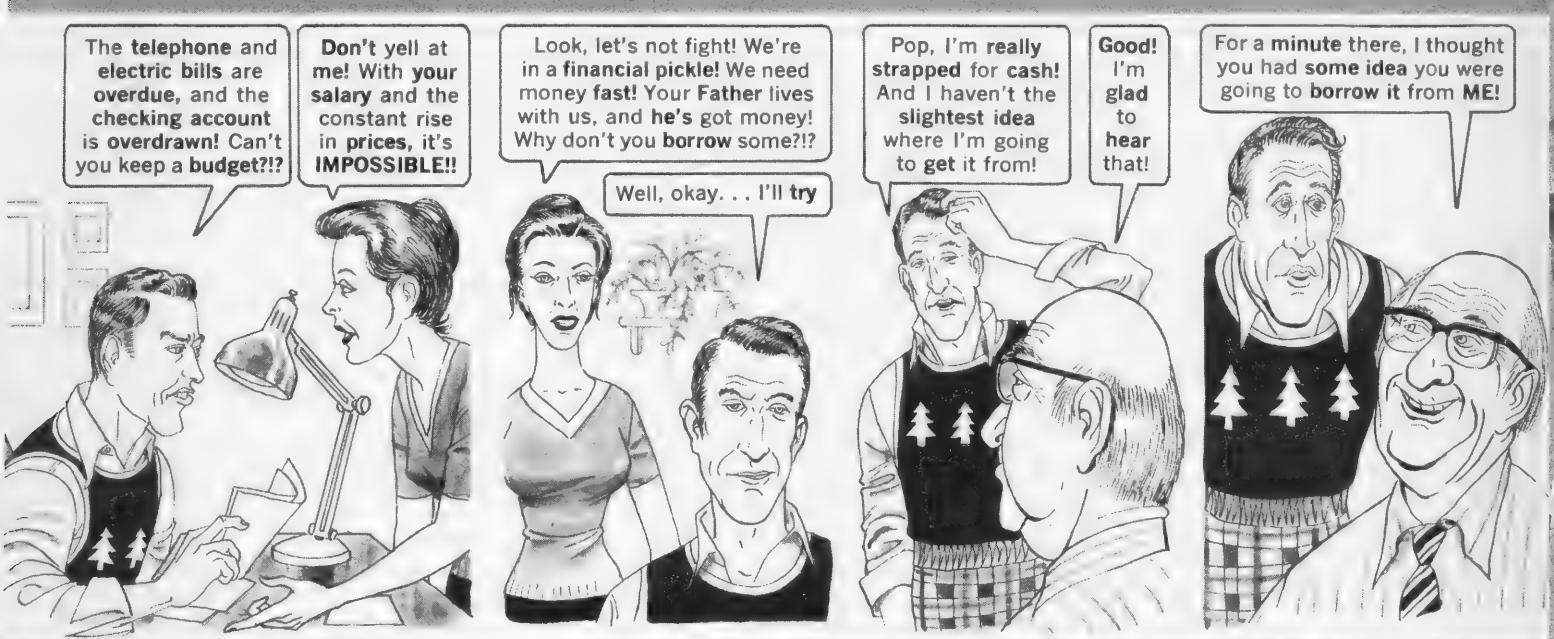
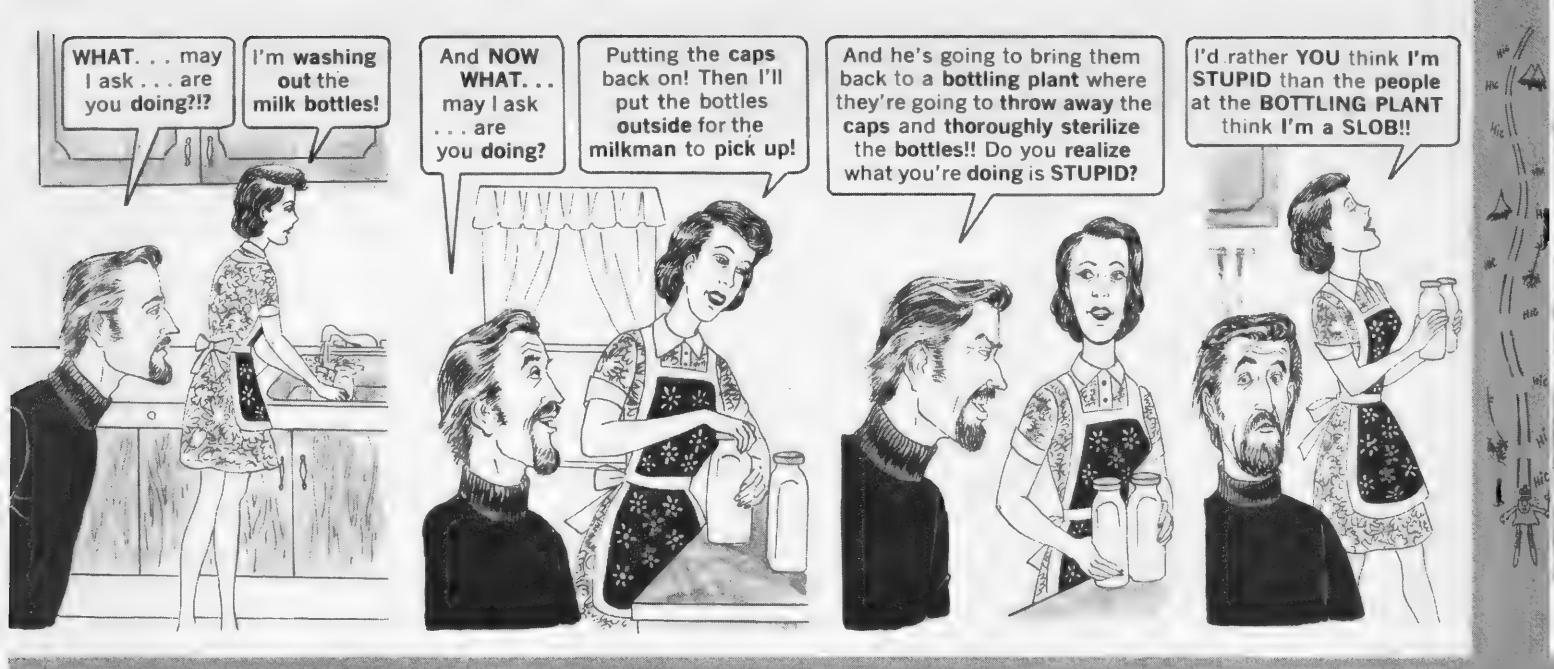
My Husband is a "Steak and Potatoes" man! Nancy is a "Vegetarian"! Leonard is a "Health Food" nut and Alan insists upon eating "Fish"!

And what kind of food do YOU eat??

With THIS family... WHAT ELSE?!

LEFTOVERS!!





Magazine articles advise women to "put the **ROMANCE** back in your marriage! When your Husband comes home, don't greet him in curlers and a dirty apron! Look your best for a change!" Well . . . that's exactly what I'm going to do!



Okay!! What's going on?!

OH!! You—you surprised me! You're home early today!!

That's right! And how come I find you all spiffed up???

I thought I'd try putting the romance back in our marriage!

Is that all?! Thank God! For a minute, I thought we were going out to dinner!!



So . . . your children are all grown up and married!

Well—you know how things are these days!

You and your husband must be rattling around in this big house of yours!

There IS a lot of rattling around the house, yes!

But it's our children who are divorced and have moved back in with their children who are doing the rattling around!



Gladys, I am sick and tired of eating **HAMBURGERS**! Just for a change, how about lamb chops for supper tonight??!

Gladys, that dripping kitchen faucet is driving me out of my mind! I wish **SOMEBODY** would put a new washer in it!

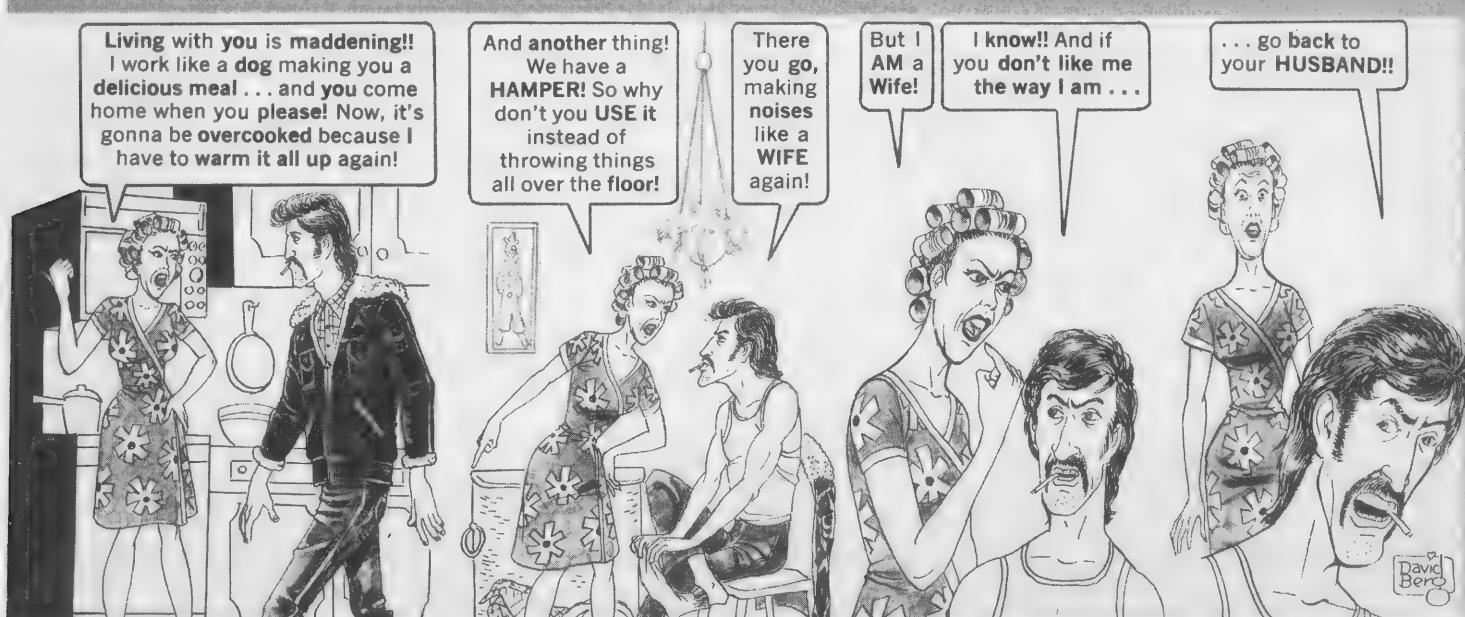
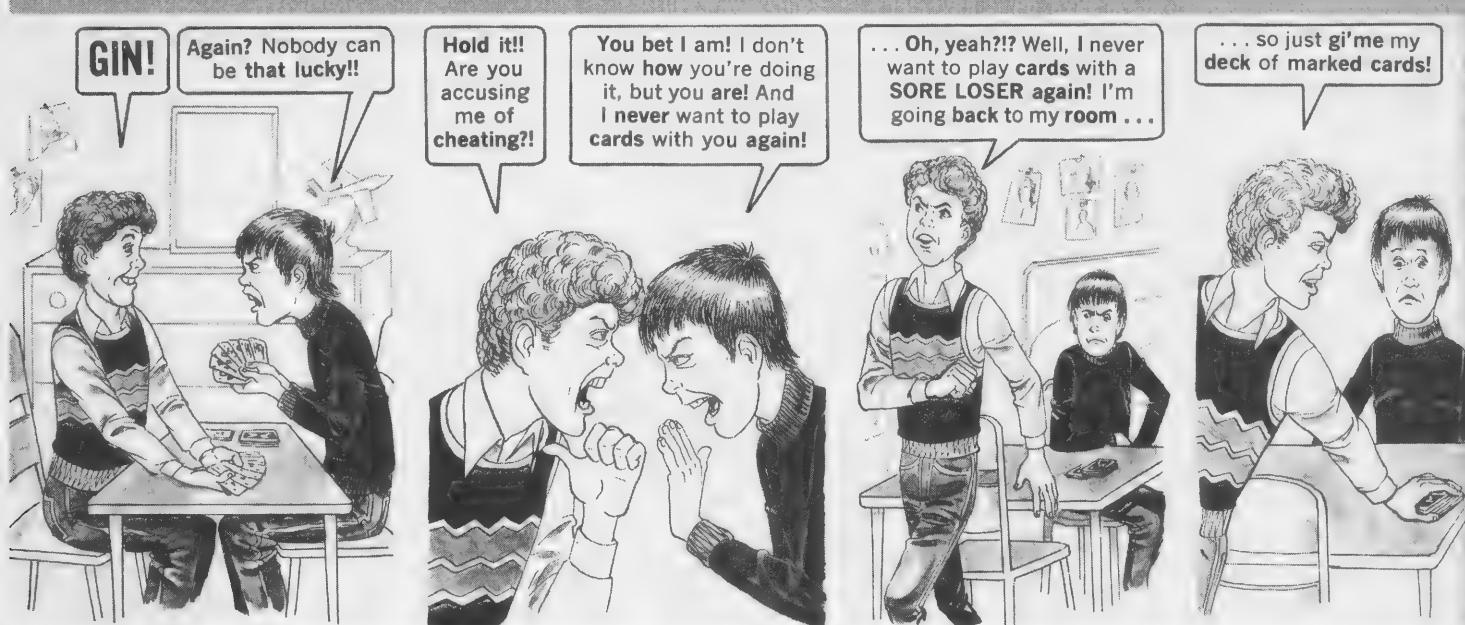
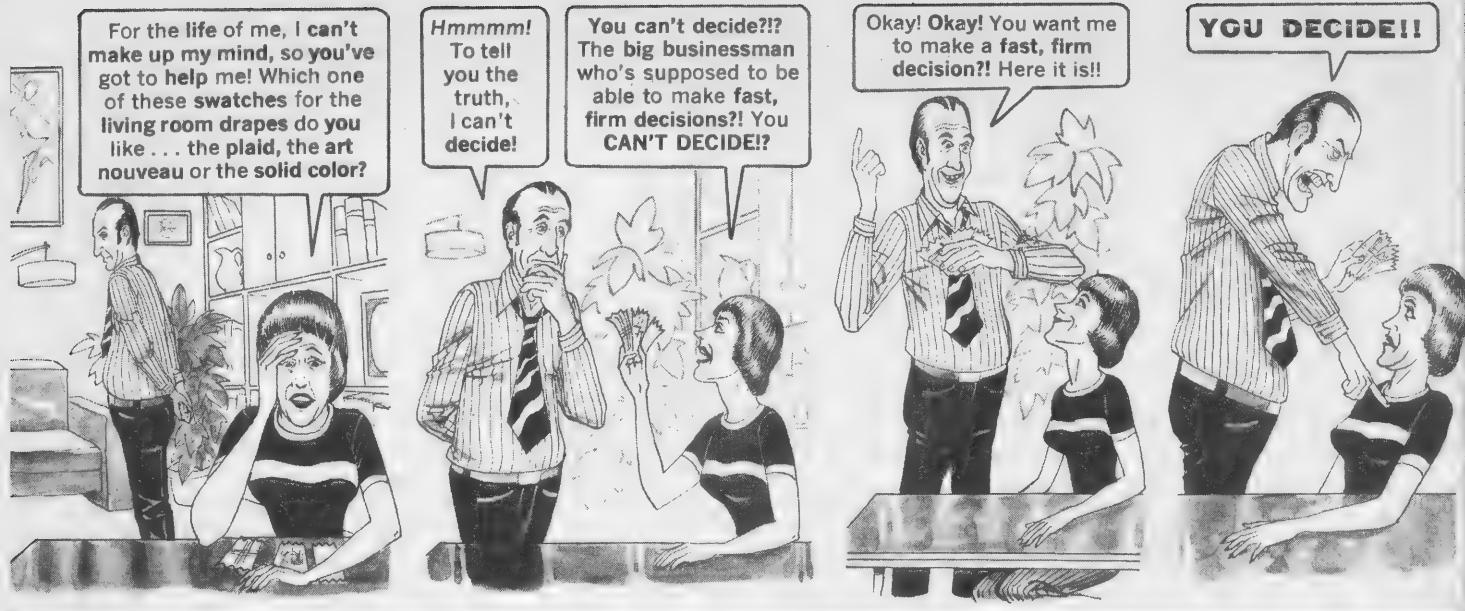
Huh?? Hey, what's with them?

They haven't spoken to each other in months! Communication would've broken down altogether if it weren't for Gladys!

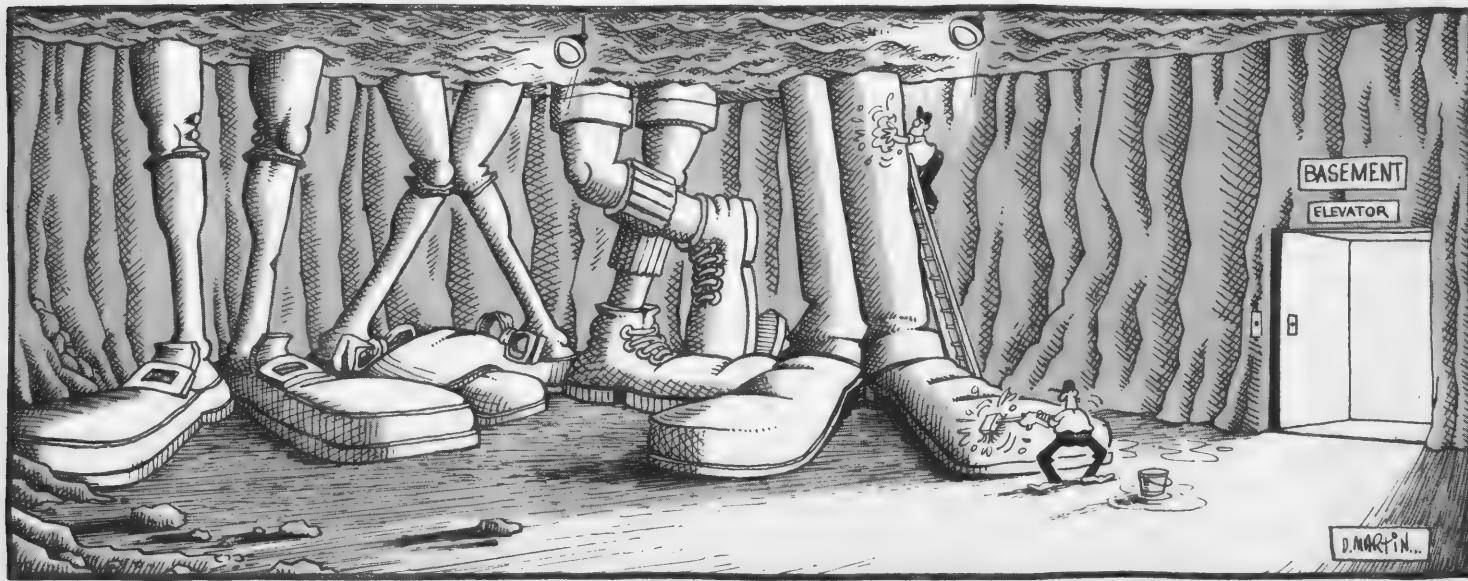
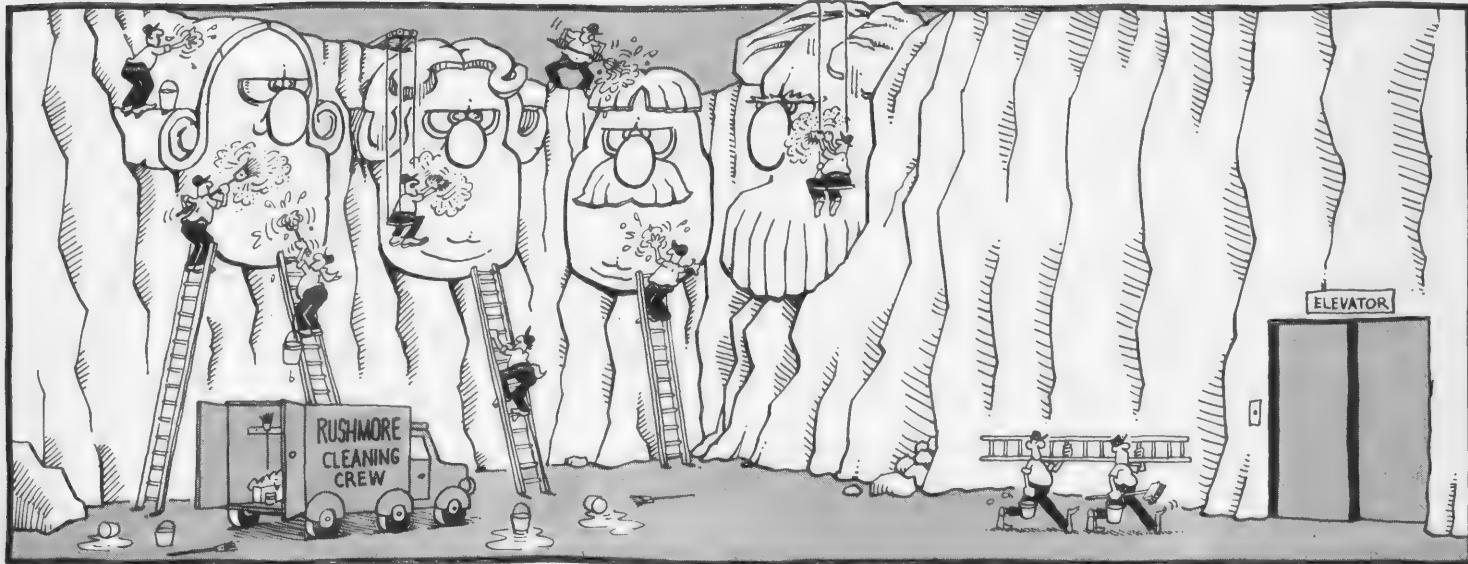
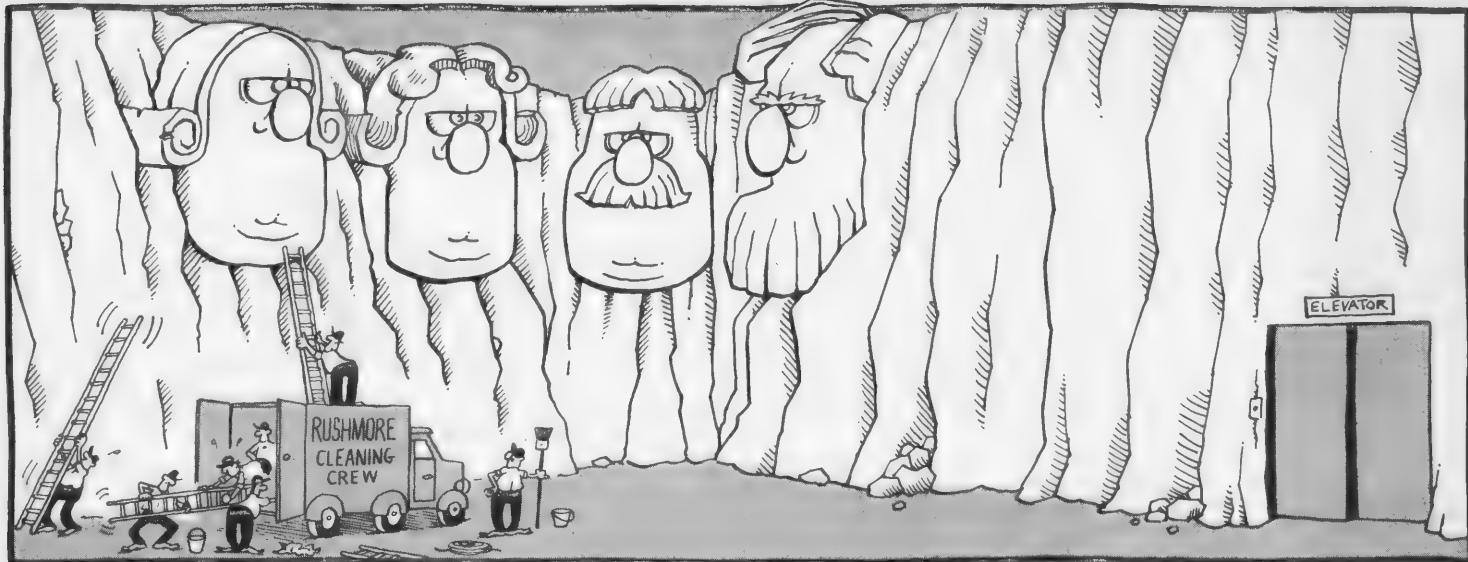
Who's Gladys?

Their **TURTLE**!





ONE DAY AT MOUNT RUSHMORE



FUEL-ISH NOTIONS DEPT.

IN AN EFFORT TO FIGHT INFLATION, BY SCREWING THE OIL CARTELS

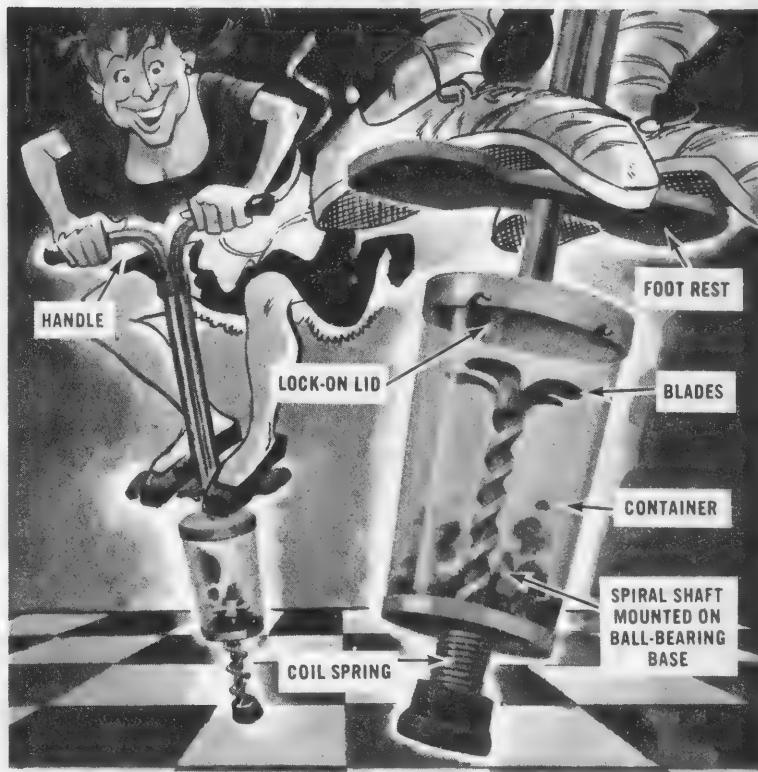
SOME MAD ENERGY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

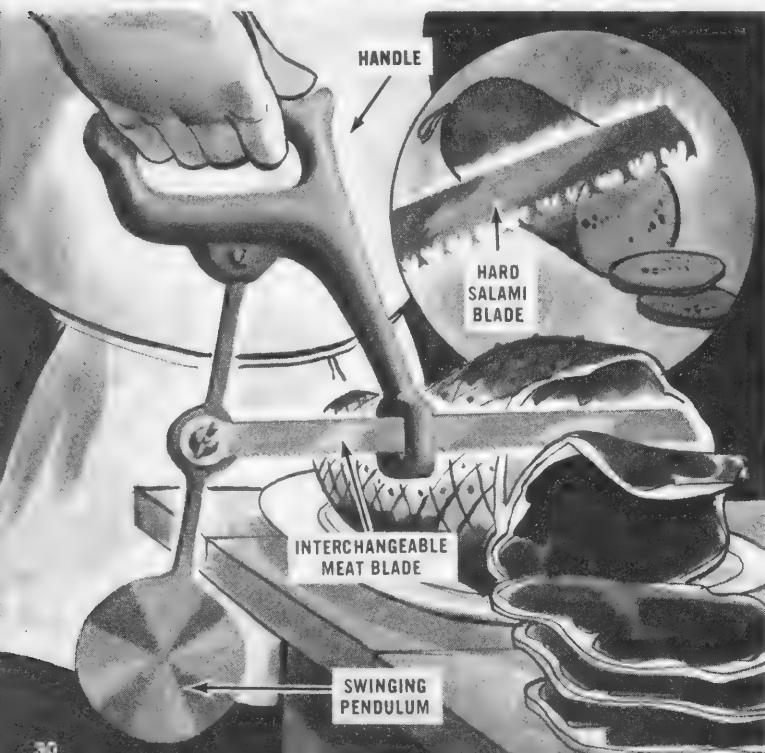
THE WINDMILL-POWERED PENCIL SHARPENER



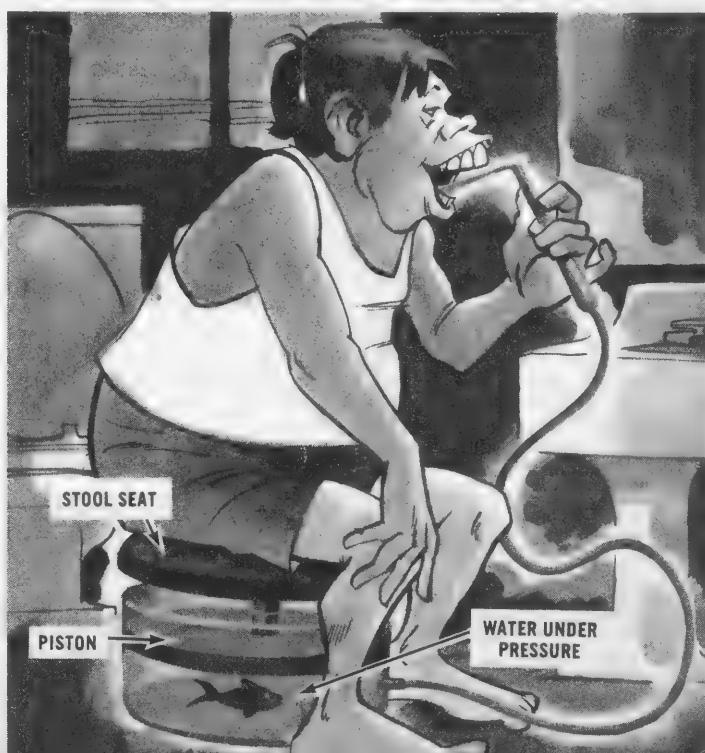
THE POGO-STICK-ACTIVATED HIGH-SPEED BLENDER



THE PENDULUM-PROPELLED CARVING KNIFE



THE COMBINATION STOOL & WATER PICK



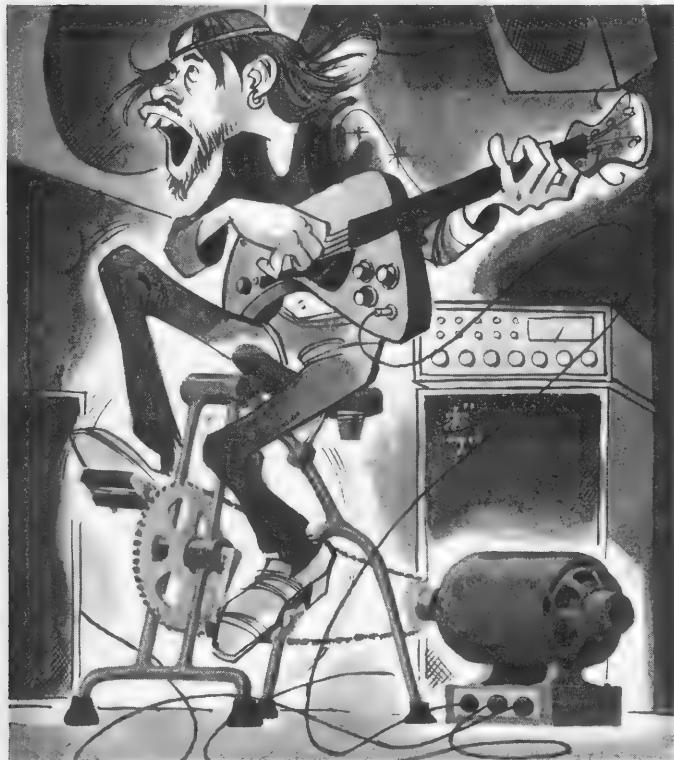


AND THE UTILITY COMPANIES, YOUR IDIOT EDITORS NOW PRESENT ...

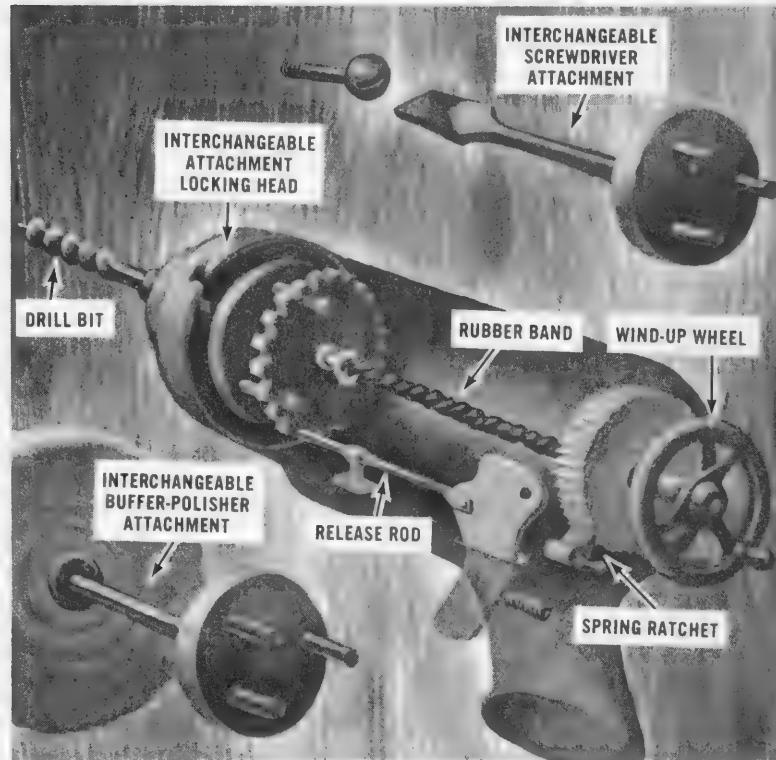
Y-SAVING DEVICES

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

THE SELF-GENERATING ELECTRIC GUITAR



THE WIND-UP RUBBER-BAND-DRIVEN POWER TOOL



THE PUSH-PEDAL-POWERED VACUUM CLEANER



THE SOLAR-ENERGIZED CORDLESS HOT COMB



HEY, GANG! HELP SPREAD THE WORD! JOIN THE MAD CAMPAIGN BY STICKING UP ALL THESE . . .

**Alfred E. Neuman
for President
STICKERS**

THAT WE'VE STUCK YOU WITH!

AND YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN STICK 'EM!

(On walls and doors in public places, idiot!)



ed E. Neuman
for President



NOT JUST ANOTHER
PRETTY FACE!

VOTE MAD

E. Pluribus
Neuman!



Alfred E. Neuman
for PRESIDENT

VOTING FOR
ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT...



...IS NEVER HAVING
TO SAY YOU WORRY!

VOTE MAD

SURE HE'S DUMB! BUT NAME SOMETHING
SMART THAT THE OTHERS HAVE DONE!

Alfred
E.
Neuman
for ★
President



VOTE MAD

AMID THE UNCERTAINTY—
A VOICE OF INDECISION!



Alfred E. Neuman
for President

VOTE MAD

DON'T WASTE YOUR VOTE ON A
REPUBLICAN OR A DEMOCRAT!!

WASTE IT BY
VOTING FOR:
ALFRED E.
NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
★ THE ONE CANDIDATE WHO
★ MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD—
★ ABOUT THE OTHER CANDIDATES!
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT

VOTE MAD

HE'LL KEEP ALL HIS PROMISES
BECAUSE HE PROMISES NOTHING!



ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT

VOTE MAD

W.I.N.
(Write In Neuman)
IN 1980!



**Alfred E. Neuman
for PRESIDENT**

VOTE MAD

WE'VE ALWAYS HAD AN
UNBALANCED BUDGET!
WHY NOT A MATCHING
CHIEF EXECUTIVE?!



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT**

VOTE MAD

FOREIGN POWERS HAVE
DAMAGED US ENOUGH!
WHY NOT DAMAGE OUR-
SELVES FOR A CHANGE!



**Alfred E.
★ Neuman ★
for President**

VOTE MAD

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



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**VOTE
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**VOTE
MAD**



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**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

**VOTE
MAD**



**ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR
PRESIDENT**

Phony Perforation Cut With Scissors

Bring Back The
Know-Nothing Party!



Alfred E. Neuman
for President

VOTE MAD

PUT SOME "SAP"
INTO THE
EXECUTIVE BRANCH



ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT

"A CAR IN EVERY POT... A
CHICKEN IN EVERY GARAGE!"



ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT

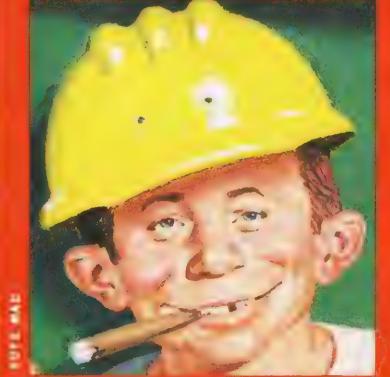
VOTE MAD

ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT



HE UNDERSTANDS MINORITIES!
MAINLY, THE LUNATIC FRINGE!

ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT



IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN
DO FOR OUR ENEMIES!

ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT

YOU COULD DO WORSE!
And Lots Of Times, You DID!

VOTE MAD

AMERICA IS ON THE
BRINK OF RUIN! LET
HIM FINISH THE JOB!



Alfred E. Neuman
for President

We Don't Have Nixon To
Kick Around Any More!
That's Why We Need ...



ALFRED E. NEUMAN
FOR PRESIDENT

VOTE MAD

PUT ALFRED
IN THE
WHITE HOUSE!

At Least It'll Get Him Off The Streets!

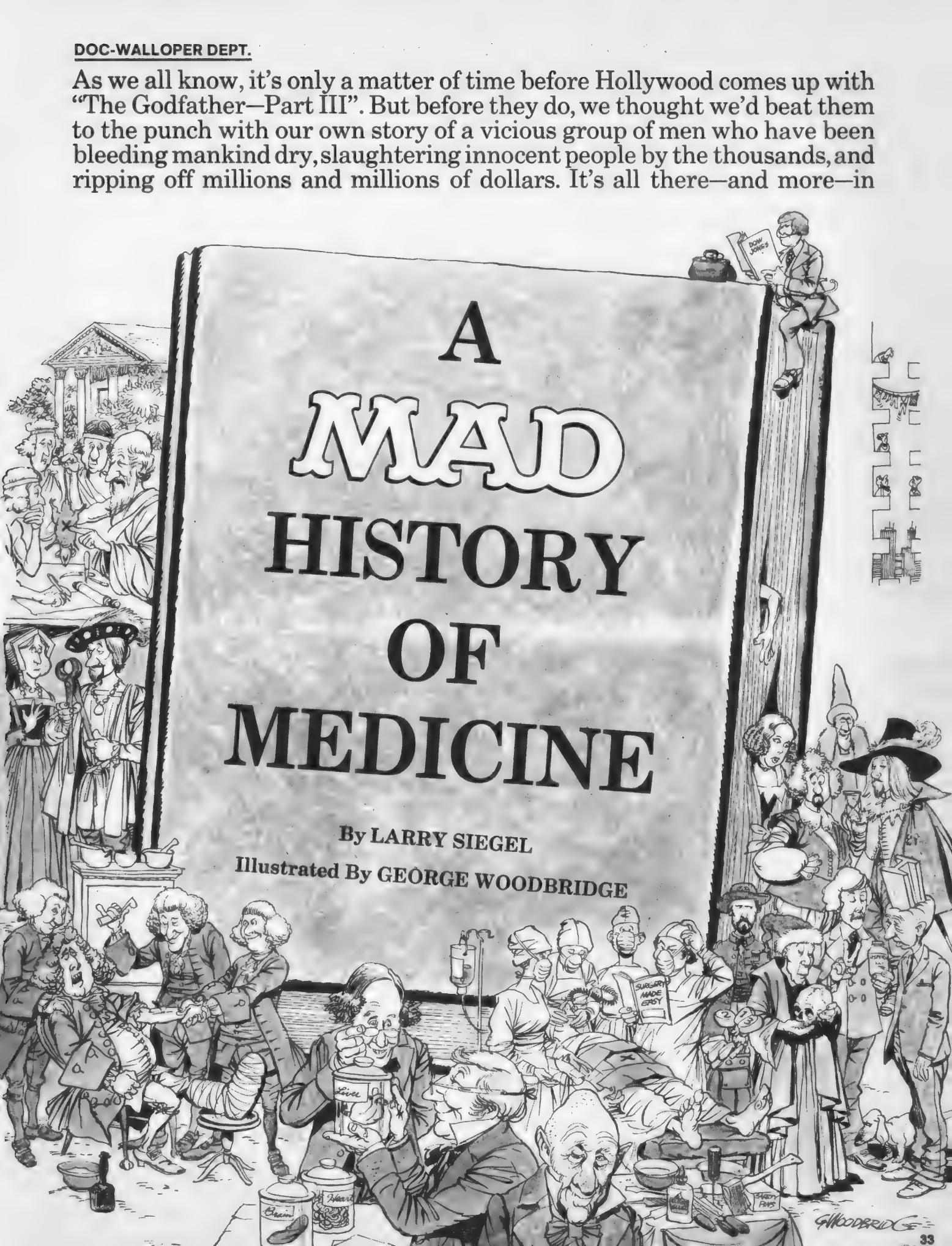
VOTE MAD



★ ALFRED E. NEUMAN ★
FOR PRESIDENT

DOC-WALLOPER DEPT.

As we all know, it's only a matter of time before Hollywood comes up with "The Godfather—Part III". But before they do, we thought we'd beat them to the punch with our own story of a vicious group of men who have been bleeding mankind dry, slaughtering innocent people by the thousands, and ripping off millions and millions of dollars. It's all there—and more—in



A MAD HISTORY OF MEDICINE

By LARRY SIEGEL

Illustrated By GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

CHAPTER 1—How Medicine Began

In prehistoric times, medicine was almost unnecessary. First of all, very few people had childhood diseases. There was a reason for this: very few people had childhoods. The average life expectancy of a caveman was $4\frac{1}{2}$. Still, when you stop to consider what they did all day was grunt, live in dirt, and be chased by saber-toothed tigers, things could have been worse. Their average life expectancy could have been 5.

On the following day the still unhappy Xlbts went to see the wisest caveman in the village, the ancient and venerable Ooock (who was almost 14), and said to him, "Oh wise and ancient one, I have an upset stomach, bronchitis, and psoriasis, and I am not happy with them! What shall I do?" The venerable sage pontificated for a while, rubbing his ancient acned chin and stroking the aging baby fat around his neck. Then he finally spoke his now immortal words, "Take two lizards and call me in the morning!" And so on that historic day the medical profession was born. And on the following day its first patient died. A combination, as we are about to see, which will go hand in hand through the centuries that follow.



For another thing, life was so rotten and miserable for those cavemen who lived longer than $4\frac{1}{2}$ years that they welcomed things like illness because it made them feel better. Among the preoccupations they eagerly looked forward to, to take their minds off their problems, were the thrill of an upset stomach, the excitement of bronchitis, and the joy of psoriasis.

One night, at a wild party in a neighborhood cave, as everybody was vomiting and coughing and scratching and having a whale of a time, a caveman named Xlbts suddenly stood up and shocked everyone by saying, "Hey gang, you know something? This is no fun!" For a moment there was stunned silence. Then the cave leader, Shmutz, said, "There's gotta be a dry blanket in every crowd!" And he proceeded to punch Xlbts in the mouth for six hours, which almost made him miss vomiting and coughing and scratching for a while.



A typical courtship scene in prehistoric times. This practice led to two common medical problems of cave people: sprained wrists and premature baldness (among women).

CHAPTER 2—Early Advances of Medicine

After the caveman days, medical science progressed slowly through the centuries until three dramatic discoveries took place in ancient Macedonia, which were to change the face of mankind.



In 180 B.C. a doctor named Glockk, deeply moved by the heart-breaking cries of his mortally ill patient, made a desperate decision to save his life, and gave the patient a potent concoction of bitters to drink. And dramatically, in one fell swoop, Glockk created the world's first medicine . . . and also the world's first drunk. Unfortunately the patient died a few hours later. But now he couldn't care less.

In 341 B.C. a physician named Schnorr was experimenting with revolutionary new ingredients, and while massaging one of his patients, came up with an important discovery: the healing potentialities of herbs and plants. A short while later, his patient came up with another important discovery: neck-to-crotch poison ivy.



Finally in 73 B.C., a physician named Sif made a momentous scientific breakthrough when he found that, by placing leeches on the infected area of a patient, they would suck out the bad properties of the blood. (Note: for further information on blood-sucking leeches, see Chapter 27 . . . PREPARING THE 20TH CENTURY MEDICAL BILL)

CHAPTER 3—The Medicine Man

Not too many years later in early Africa, a new kind of physician came into his own. He was called a Medicine Man. The Medicine Man was a dedicated surgeon, a great healer, and a dancing fool.

We will now study some of the fascinating surgical techniques of the early Medicine Man:

THE BRAIN TUMOR SHUFFLE



Patient was placed in a supine position on the operating grass. The surgeon made four deaf incisions in the grass with his toes, and then danced around the patient's head.

THE HEMORRHOID HUSTLE



Again, patient was placed on his back, and this time the surgeon danced around on his right side. In the event of sudden complications like a ruptured appendix, surgeon would usually call in three extra dancers.

THE MAKE-OUT MAMBO



The patient was placed in a prostrate position on the operating grass, and the surgeon performed a complicated dance on the afflicted area. While this was often a very painful operation, it could be worse. (See "The Emergency Double-Hernia Stomp".)

Note: This is not an operation. Dammit, even doctors have to have fun some time!

THE APPENDICITIS SHIMMY



CHAPTER 4—Medicine In The Middle Ages

By the time the Middle Ages had arrived, medicine and particularly surgery—had made enormous strides. While the Medicine Man still practiced his art, more sophisticated and effective methods of surgery were developed. Namely, surgical instruments. Oddly enough, however, in the 15th and 16th centuries, surgery was usually performed by Barbers.



Having Barbers perform surgery led to some confusing results at times. For example, in this instance, it was hard to tell whether the Barber was performing the world's first successful head transplant . . . or had just given the world's shortest haircut.

In 1540 King Henry VIII of Great Britain indirectly became the Father of Modern Surgery when he issued a decree that henceforth all Barbers would stick exclusively to cutting hair. And so surgery was taken out of the hands of the Barber and given to the man who still performs it to this very day—the Butcher.

CHAPTER 5—Medicine In The 19th Century

Medicine continued to progress through the years. But in many cases, doctors were scarce and hard to reach, particularly among 19th century American pioneers. They were often forced to treat their own illnesses. This gave rise to some ingenious home remedies.

For example, to cure earaches among children, the pioneers would squeeze out the juice of tobacco leaves and pour it into the affected areas. This usually cleared up the ailment, but unfortunately a side effect often developed—namely, early nicotine addiction. And it wasn't unusual for pioneer parents to catch six-year-old children behind the woodsheds with cigarettes in their ears.

Other quaint household remedies used by pioneers included goose grease, mustard plaster, oil of cloves, powdered cinnamon, turpentine, and driving a wooden stake through the patient's heart. (Note: The last remedy seldom cured diseases; on the bright side, however, pioneer families were seldom bothered by vampires.)



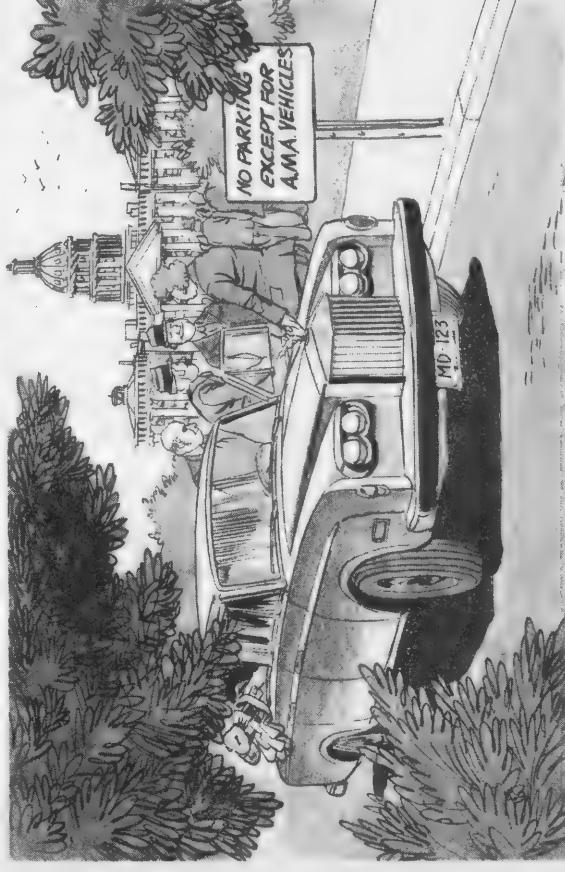
Here we see a typical pioneer woman, with her entire body covered with a repulsive mixture of mashed onions and hog's lard, a string of garlic buds around her neck, and a dirty sock tied around each wrist. Note: This woman wasn't actually sick. She just couldn't stand her husband. (See Chapter 31—Other Unusual Birth Control Devices.)

CHAPTER 6—Modern Medicine

In this century alone tremendous changes have taken place in the medical profession. The following illustrations indicate only one of many examples:



Here we see a typical Doctor of the early 1900's making a house call.



Here we see some typical doctors of today making a House call. After this they will make a Senate call. As usual, the A.M.A. will get what they want, even if it kills us!

But all in all, modern medicine has really come into its own as a great, life-saving science in the 20th century.

For instance, the refinement and perfection of the X-ray has enabled physicians to practically wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases. Even more exciting things are promised for the future, as soon as medical men can find a cure for the many additional cases of cancer that occur as a result of the excessive use of X-rays to wipe out tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases.

But that's not all. The miracle drug penicillin has succeeded in saving almost as many lives as those lost by people who are violently allergic to such miracle drugs as penicillin.

And still we move triumphantly ahead with our cures. There is open heart surgery and pacemaker implants . . . not to mention the countless diseased hearts that have been replaced by healthy ones. The fantastic results of heart transplantation are widely acclaimed. And they would be trumpeted even louder if the recipients of new hearts were alive today to talk about it.

Finally, and perhaps as important as anything else, has been the great new trust and interest people now have in medical science. For instance more people than ever before are reading about the Surgeon General's edict that cigarette smoking is hazardous to our health. How do we know this to be true? Because never before in our history have more cigarette packs with this message been sold.



CHAPTER 7-

Medical Integrity

In the 5th century before Christ, the Hippocratic Oath was established as a model for the behavior of the medical profession. In closing out our book, it might be interesting to look at the original Hippocratic Oath and marvel at

Now being admitted to the profession of medicine, I solemnly pledge to consecrate my life to the service of humanity.¹
I will give respect and gratitude to my deserving teachers.² I will practice medicine with conscience and dignity.³
The health and life of my patient will be my first consideration.⁴ I will hold in confidence all that my patient confides in me.⁵
I will maintain the honor and noble traditions of the medical profession.⁶ My colleagues will be as my brothers.⁷

I will not permit considerations of race, religion, nationality, party politics, or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient.⁸
I will maintain the utmost respect for human life from the time of its conception.⁹
Even under threat I will not use my knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity.¹⁰

These promises I make freely and upon my honor.¹¹

1. while making tons of money and beating off pushy, marriageable broads with my stethoscope.
2. and carry on the fine tradition of keeping minority groups out of our medical schools.
3. and go on strike only when malpractice rates rise due to the rank incompetence of 75% of the members of my profession.
4. providing he can get to my office with 106 degrees temperature on a day when I'm not playing golf.
5. unless if, in a lawsuit, the other side is willing to shell out more money.
6. never padding a Medicare bill by more than \$100, except for patients over 62 years of age.

7. and if I'm ever needed to give emergency life or death advice, my answering service will always be available to them.

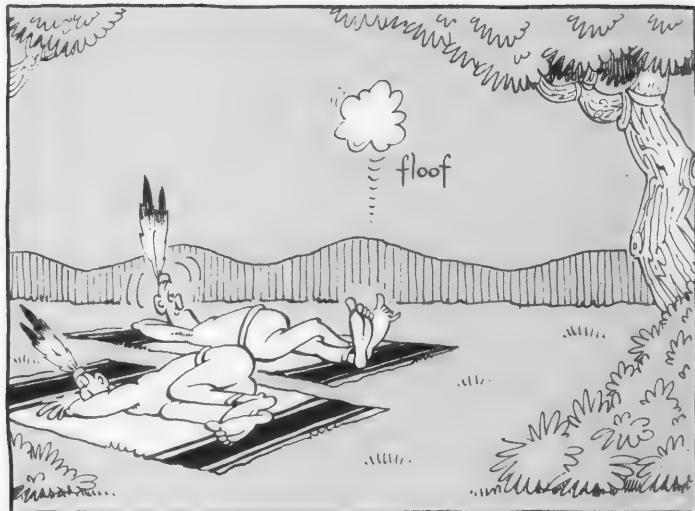
8. see Footnote #2.

9. and only perform neat, clean abortions.

10. realizing full well that doctoring X-ray plates for phony accident victims is very much a part of today's humanity.

11. and in closing I would like to say that as a physician I will never take myself too seriously or over-emphasize my humble position in this world—so help me, Me!

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE BLACK HILLS OF S. DAKOTA



A MAD LOOK AT

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2



1



2



1



2



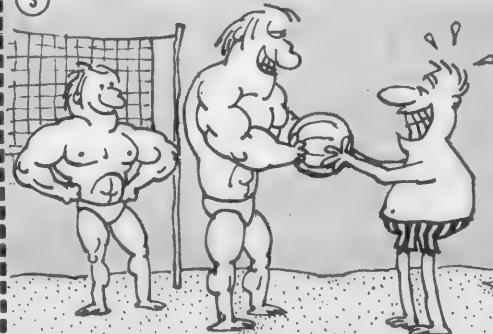
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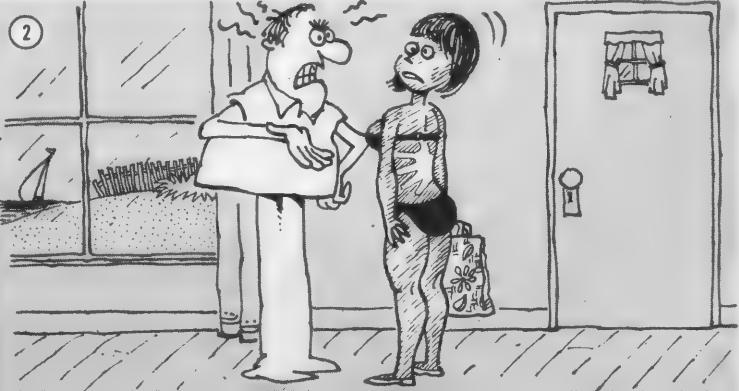
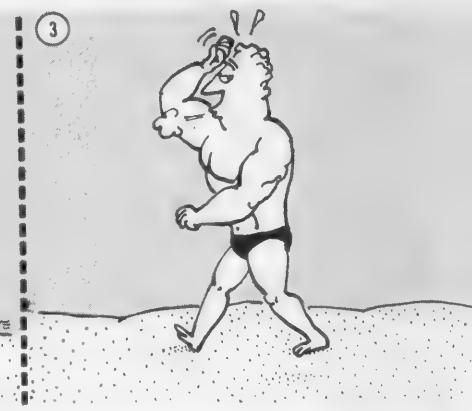
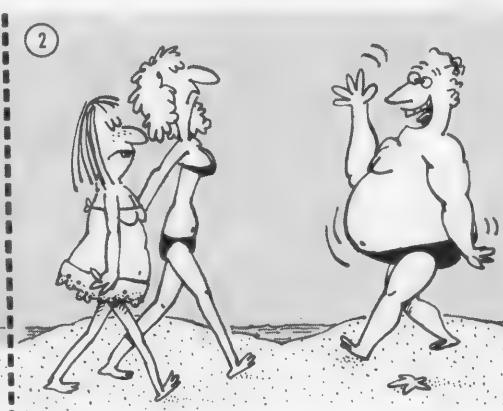
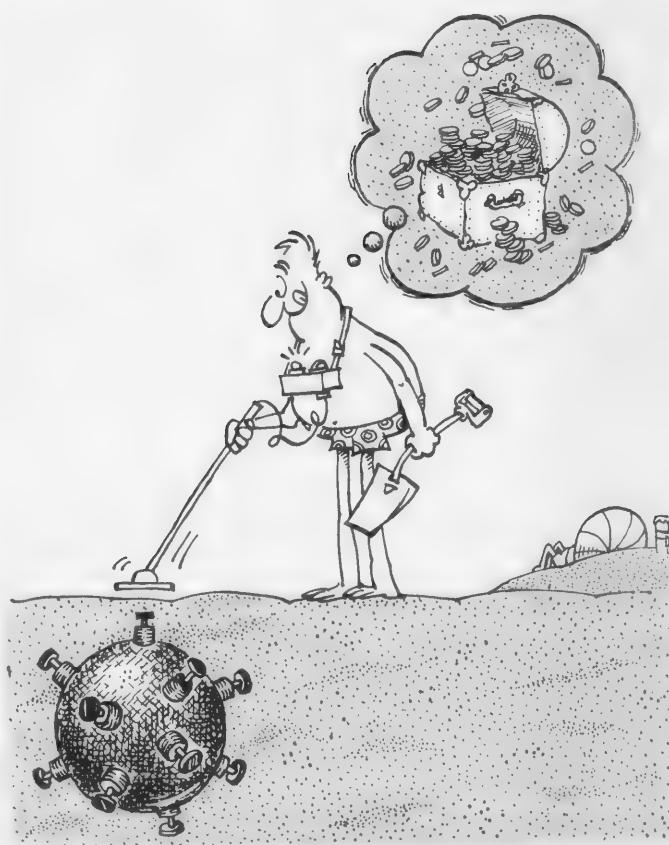


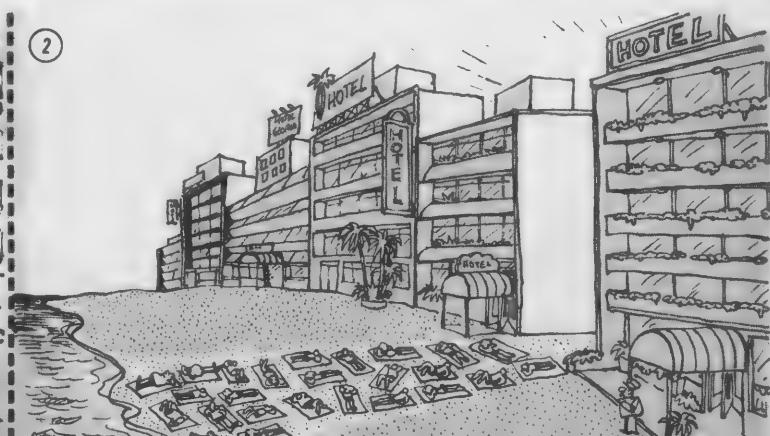
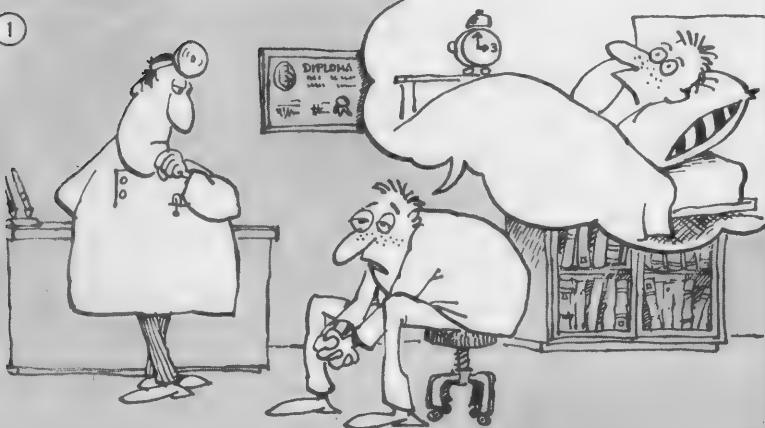
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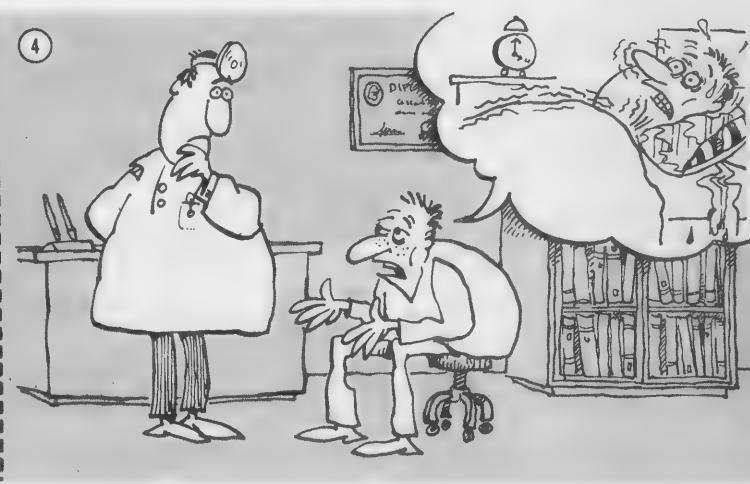


THE BEACH

ARTIST & WRITER:
SERGIO ARAGONES







DOUBLE-STANDARD BARERS DEPT.

WE'RE SURE OUR PARENTS AND TEACHERS MEAN WELL WHEN THEY LECTURE US, BUT AFTER LISTENING

NO WONDER WE'RE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

I know you broke that window, so don't lie about it! Take your punishment like a man! It may sound corny . . . but honesty is STILL the best policy!



What are you two kids fighting about? Don't you know that fighting never settles anything?



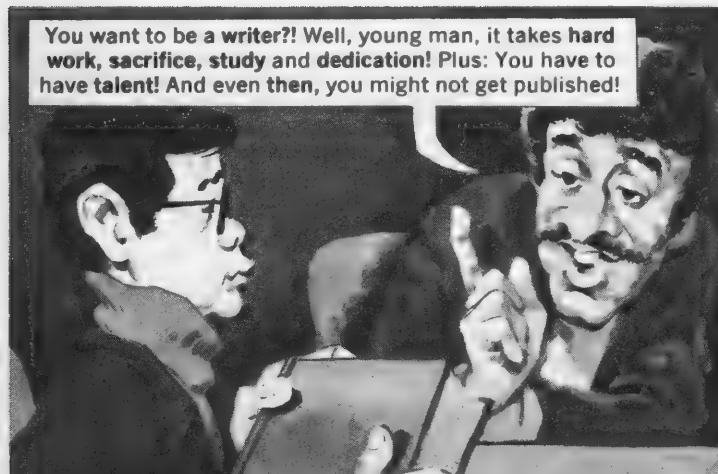
If your allowance is gone, you'll just have to skip the movie! Everybody has to learn to live within his income!



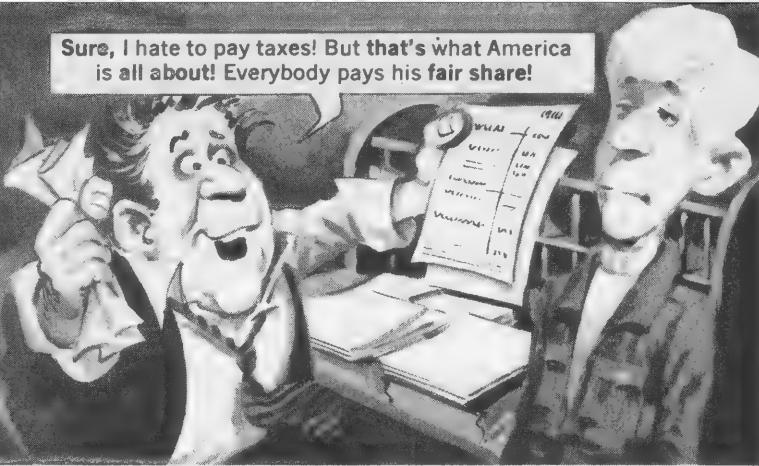
TO THEM AND THEN READING THE WAY IT REALLY IS IN THE NEWSPAPER, ALL WE CAN SAY IS . . .

ALL SCREWED UP!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE IDEA BY: ALIS ELLIS



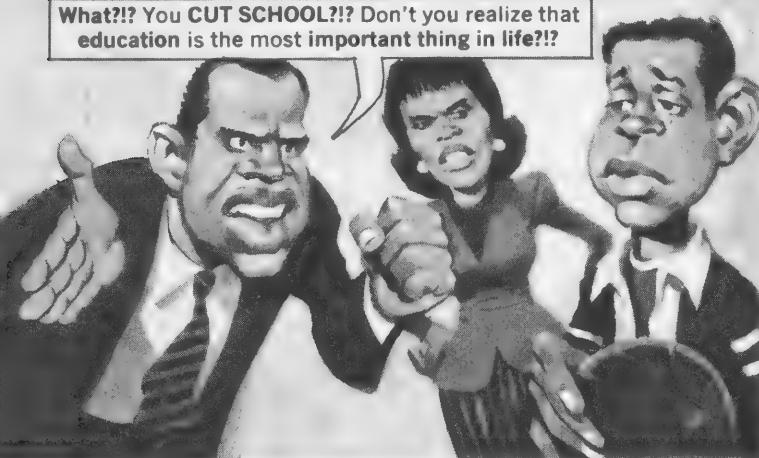
Sure, I hate to pay taxes! But that's what America is all about! Everybody pays his fair share!



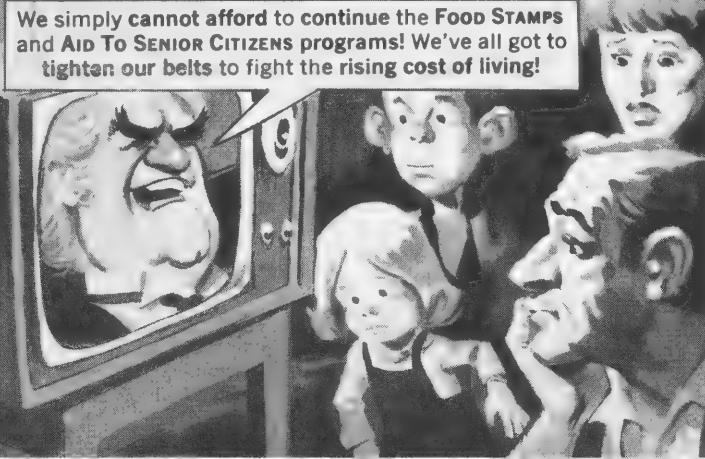
Now that you're working, I want you to start saving your money! Put it in a **BANK** . . . where it'll be **safe**!



What?!? You **CUT SCHOOL**?!? Don't you realize that education is the most important thing in life?!?



We simply cannot afford to continue the Food STAMPS and AID TO SENIOR CITIZENS programs! We've all got to tighten our belts to fight the rising cost of living!



The Washington Post

SEN. JAVITS PAID \$6000 TAX ON \$90,000 INCOME

with other academic and educational envi-

ronments. The Ocean

organization looks to

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EARLY ONE MORNING DOWNTOWN





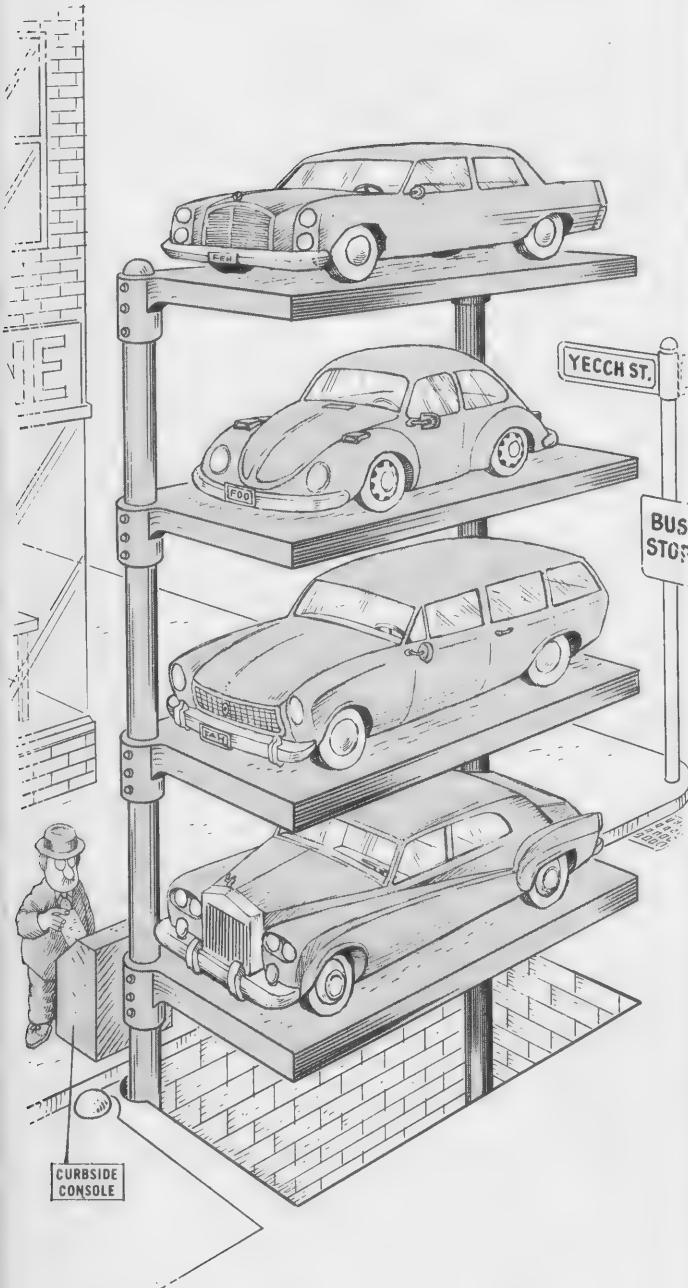
AUTO-SUGGESTIONS DEPT.

One of the nice things that happened during the recent gasoline shortage was the virtual

disappearance of "Big City Parking Problems." But now that gas is back, so are the problems.

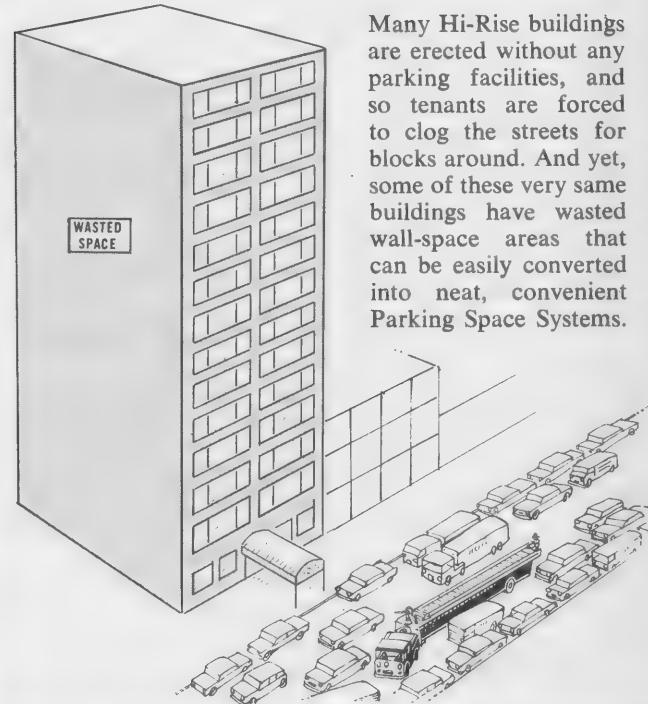
MAD SOLUTIONS TO BIG CITY PARKING

CURBSIDE MULTI-LEVEL PARKING ELEVATOR FACILITY

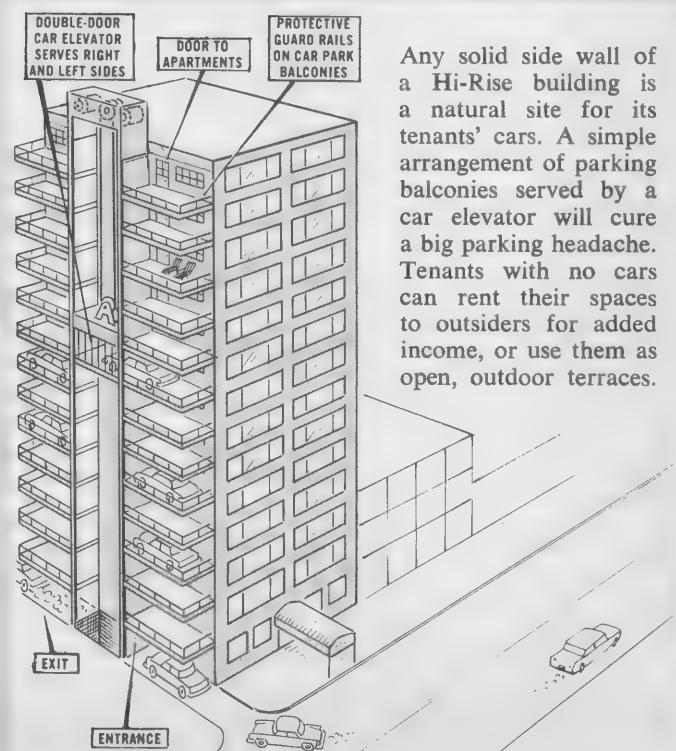


Weight of car parked on empty platform releases Computer Punchcard at Curbside Console, and elevator rises from pit to surface next empty parking platform. When multi-level facility is full, last car remains at street surface. To retrieve car, Driver merely inserts his Punchcard into the Console, and proper elevator platform returns to street level. Can be set for "Free" or "Pay" operation, in which case, insertion of coins into Console releases Punchcard.

HI-RISE WALL-SPACE-UTILIZATION PARKING SYSTEM



Many Hi-Rise buildings are erected without any parking facilities, and so tenants are forced to clog the streets for blocks around. And yet, some of these very same buildings have wasted wall-space areas that can be easily converted into neat, convenient Parking Space Systems.



Any solid side wall of a Hi-Rise building is a natural site for its tenants' cars. A simple arrangement of parking balconies served by a car elevator will cure a big parking headache. Tenants with no cars can rent their spaces to outsiders for added income, or use them as open, outdoor terraces.

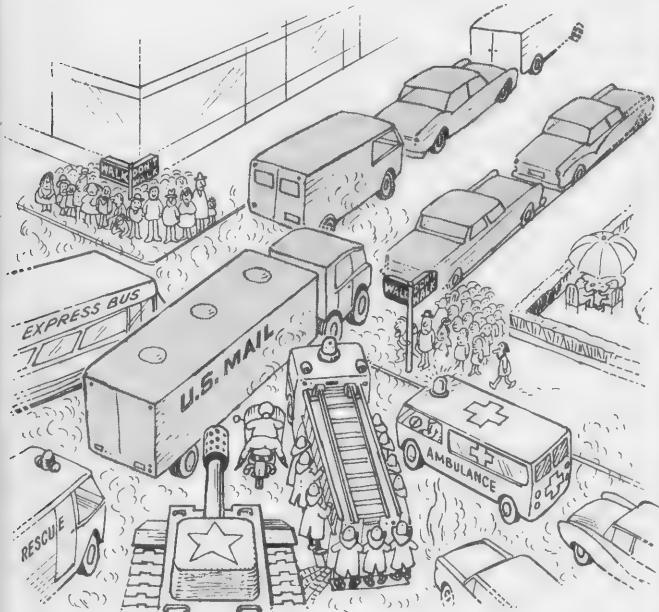
And since we believe that the American Way of Life is inexorably linked to the Automobile,

the Parking Problem will always be with us unless we do something about it. Like these

PROBLEMS

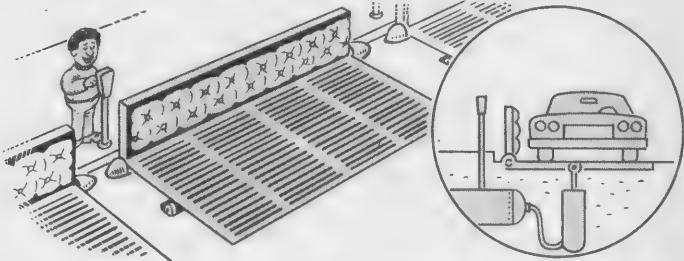
ARTIST & WRITER: 
AL JAFFEE

THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SOLUTION

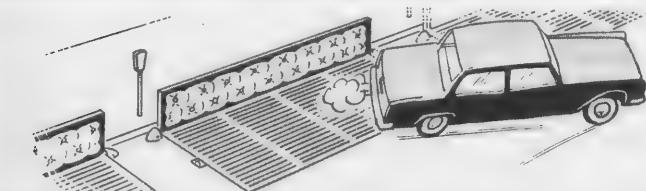
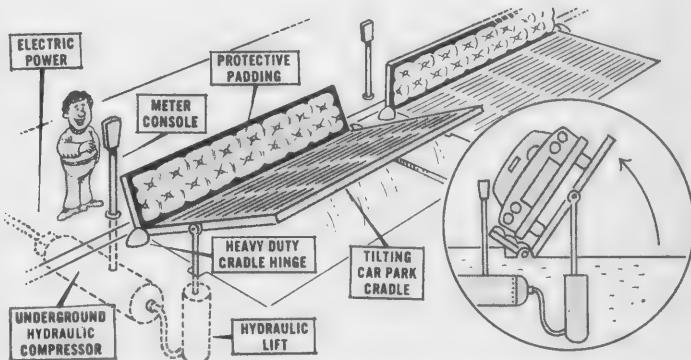


Many old city streets are too narrow for today's heavy traffic. Daily snarls can cause impossibly long traffic jam-ups, accidents and frayed nerves.

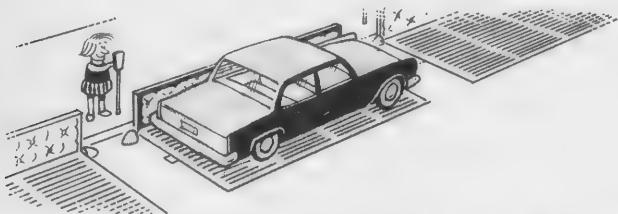
HOW THE NARROW STREET TILT-PARKING SYSTEM WORKS:



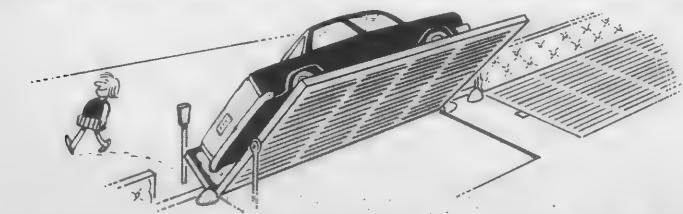
(1) Coin-operated meter/console raises and lowers parking cradle.



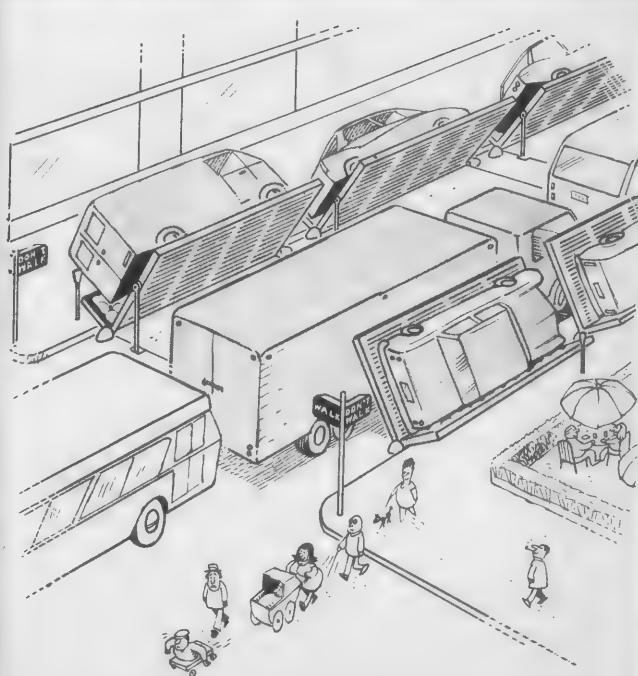
(2) Driver approaches and parks car onto cradle in usual manner.



(3) Driver exits from car and activates meter with proper coin.

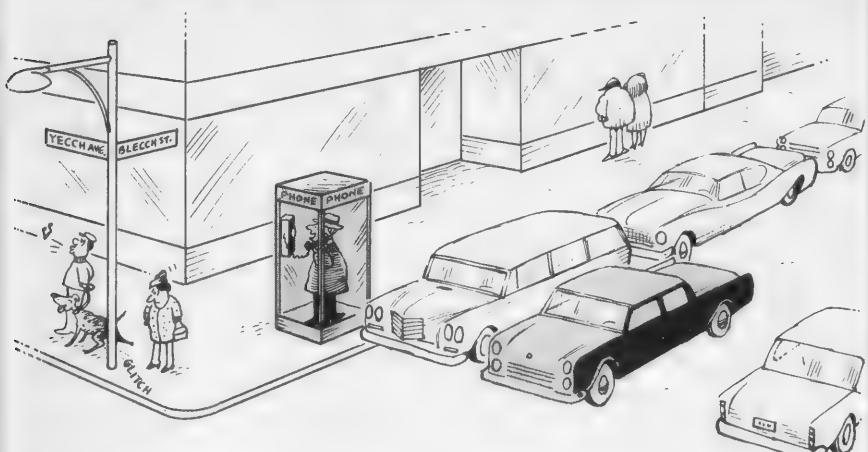


(4) Hydraulic mechanism lifts cradle, tilting car out of the way of traffic. Padded cushioned retaining wall protects car finish.



(5) Tilted parked cars open streets up for smooth flow of traffic. To retrieve car, driver merely waits for break in traffic to lower his car again.

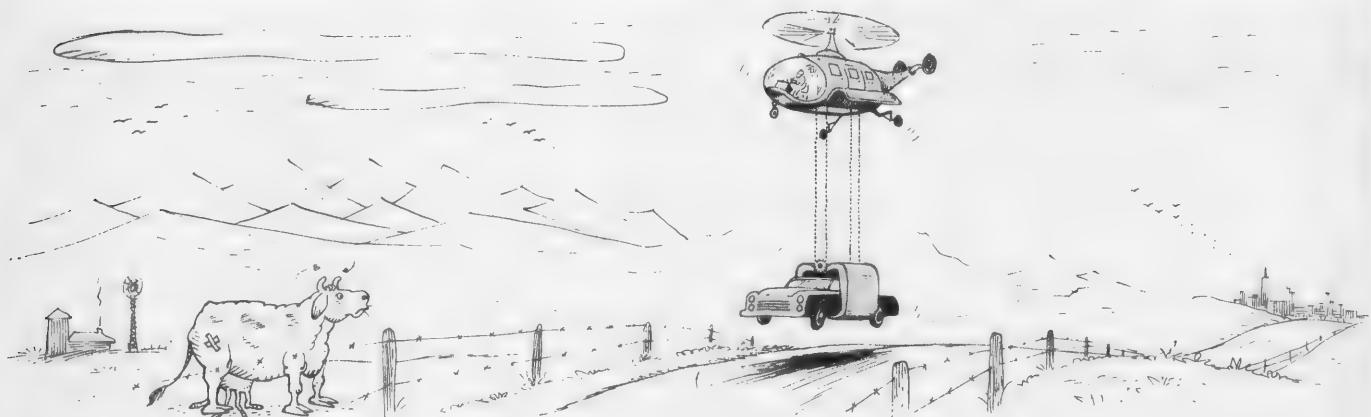
THE RAPID PICK-UP AND DELIVERY HELICOPTER PARKING SYSTEM



A driver subscribing to this service merely stops at any convenient phone booth and calls the special audio operator who contacts one of the several giant helicopters hovering over the city. After giving his exact location



... driver only has to wait a few minutes before a chopper descends and grasps his car in its safe, padded hydraulic claws



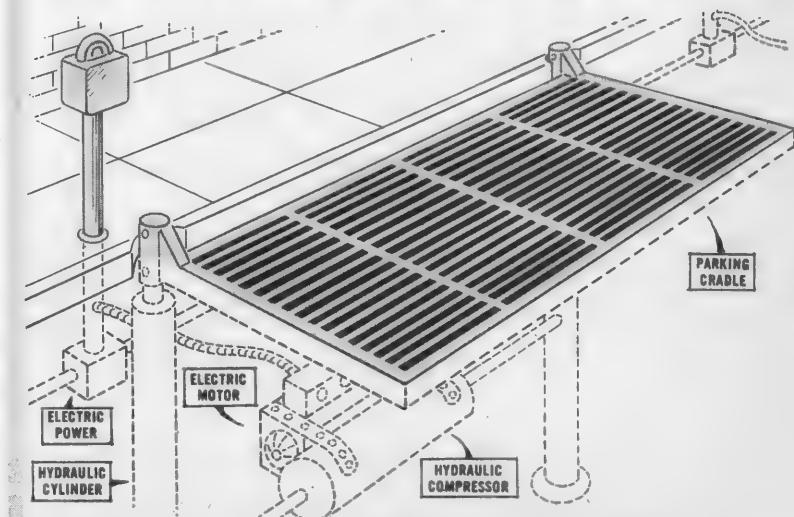
... lifts its precious cargo high above the city, and flies it to some deserted rural area where it is parked and its location marked. Then, when driver calls in again, his car is quickly picked up and returned to where he is.

THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER SYSTEM



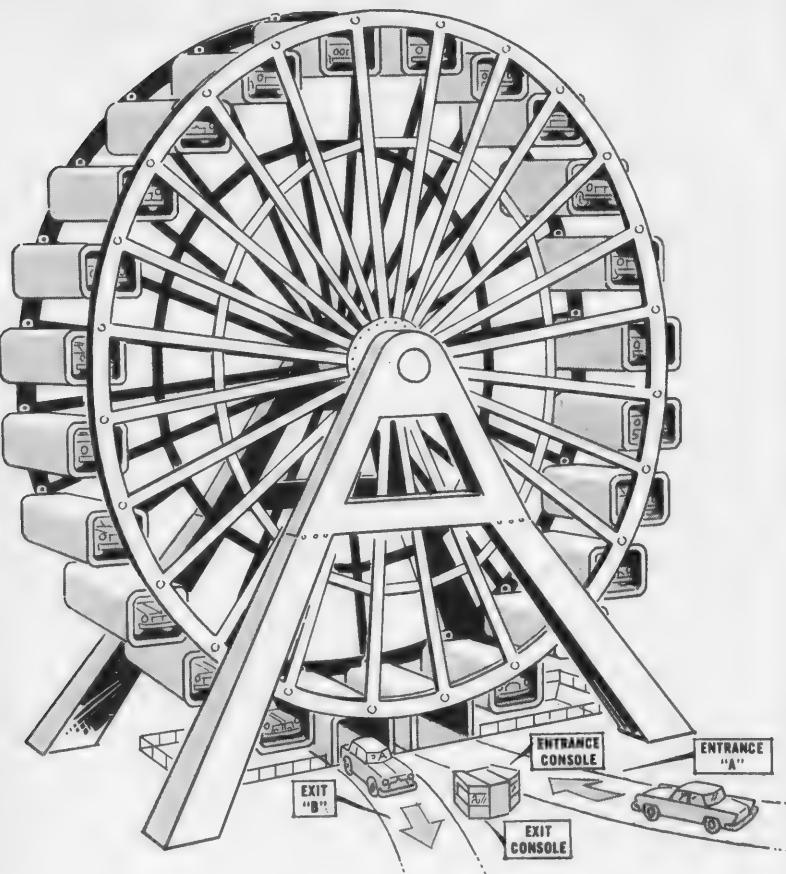
On city streets, where parking is banned because every lane from curb to curb is needed for heavy moving traffic, this system restores the equally-needed but lost parking spaces.

HOW THE HYDRAULIC HOIST TRAFFIC LANE SAVER WORKS



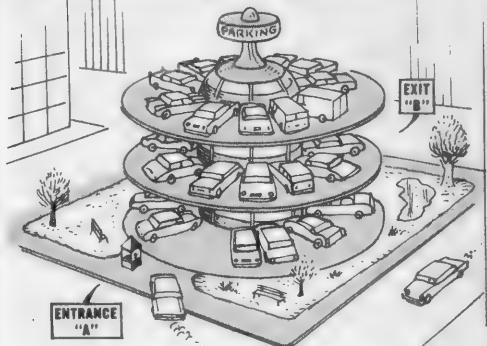
(1) Parking cradle at curbside is firmly attached to its own meter-activated underground hydraulic hoist mechanism.

THE AUTOMATED FERRIS WHEEL RAPID PARKING FACILITY

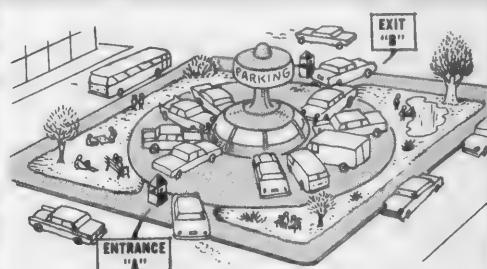


Occupying the space of only six surface-parked cars, the Automated Ferris Wheel Rapid Parking Facility provides parking for twenty-four cars, and its operation is fast and simple. Driver enters at "A" and takes a Computer Punchcard from Entrance Console. This instantly brings an empty space down to him. He parks and leaves. Elapsed time: 30 seconds. To retrieve car, he goes to "B" and inserts Punchcard with proper coins into Exit Console. The Ferris Wheel spins car to him and he drives off. Elapsed time: 30 seconds.

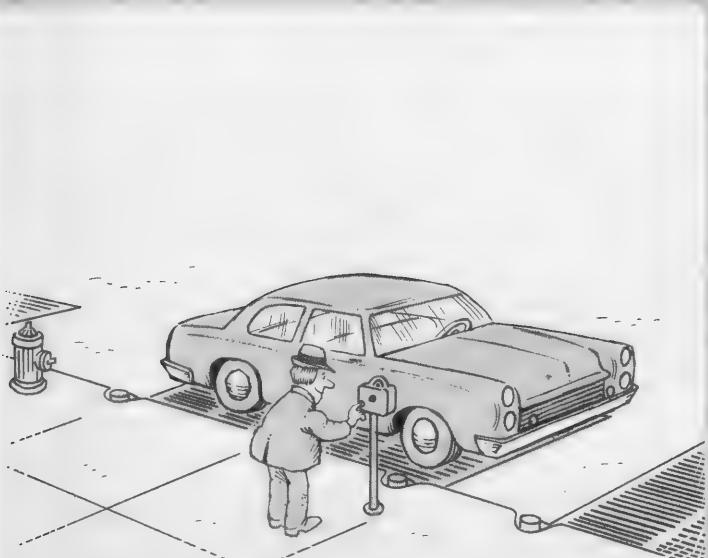
THE MULTI-LEVELLED LAZY SUSAN HIGH-SPEED PARKING FACILITY



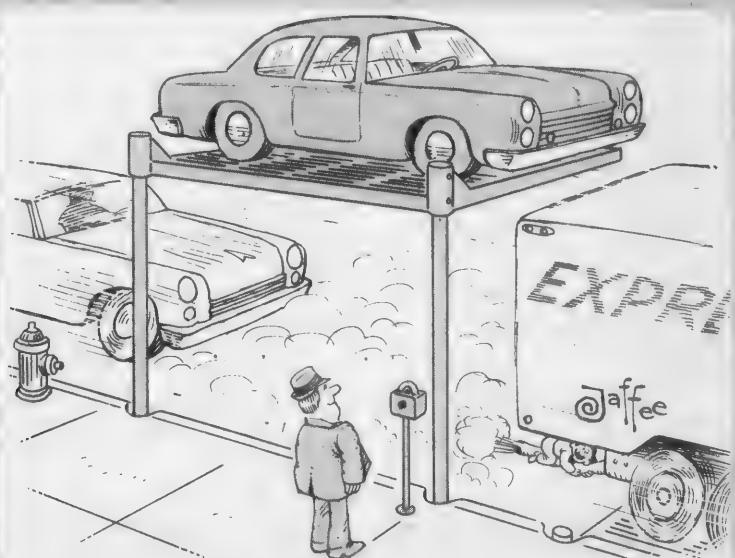
Lazy Susan facility is totally automated and computerized for fast and economical operation. When car enters at "A" and driver removes Punchcard, computer signals for an empty space. Instantly, the Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the space.



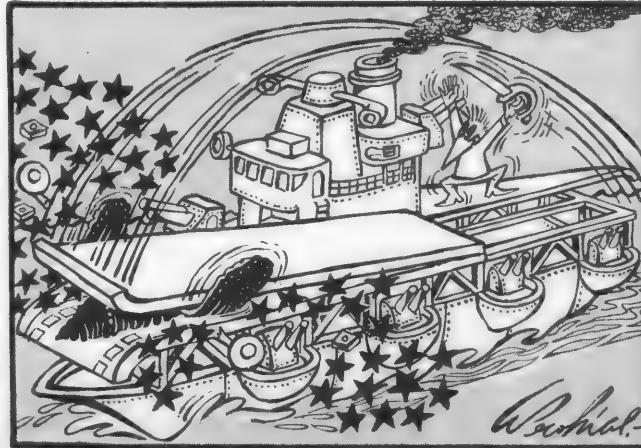
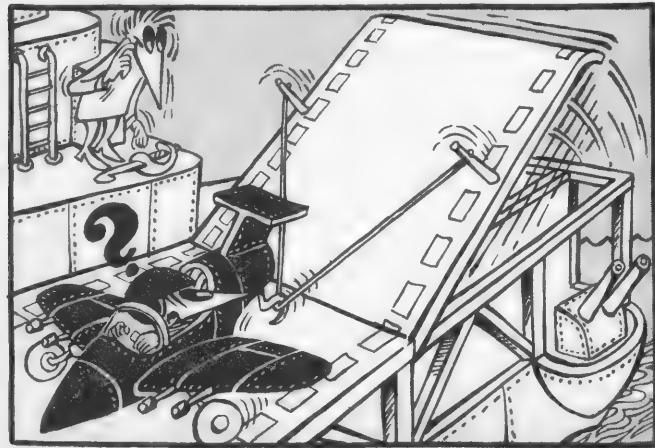
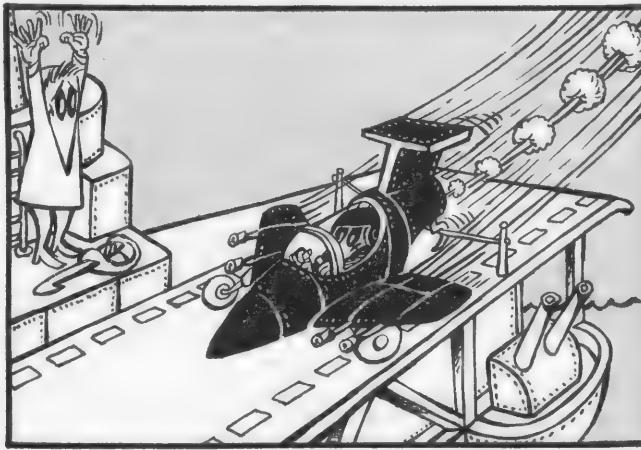
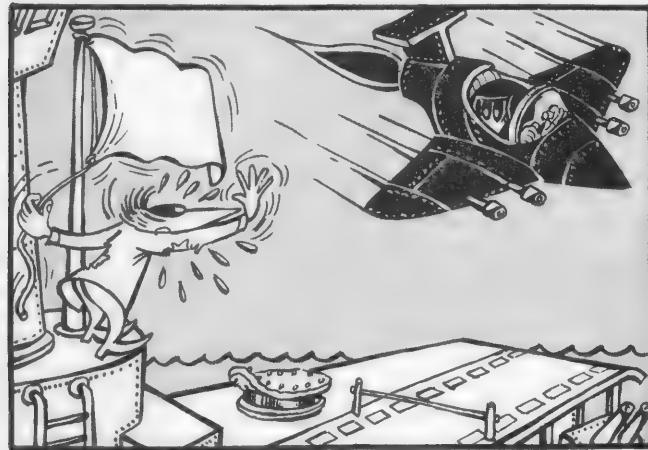
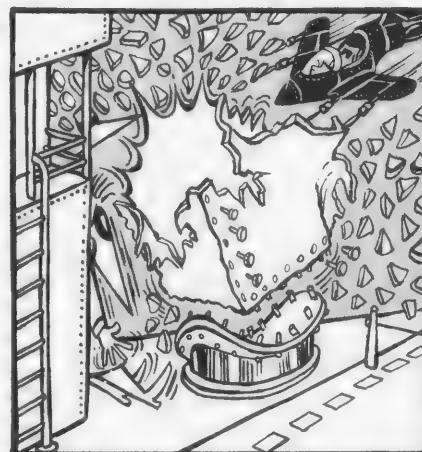
To leave, customer merely inserts his Punchcard into Exit Console "B" with proper coins. Again, Lazy Susan spins and lowers or rises to produce the car instantly. Thus, what was once an ugly parking lot for a handful of cars is now a fast, efficient facility for ten times as many with the added beauty of lovely mini-parks at all four corners.



(2) After Driver parks his car on the cradle, he deposits the proper coins into the meter which activates the hoist.



(3) The car is lifted aloft instantly, leaving the space below free for heavy traffic to flow easily beneath it.



THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR TRILLS DEPT.

Want to make a successful "Musical"? Then take a novel like "Don Quixote" and turn it into "Man of La Mancha"... or take a play like "Pygmalion" and turn it into "My Fair Lady". Want to make an even more successful Musical? Then take fantastically successful movies... like "The Godfather"... and "Towering Inferno"... and "Jaws"... and turn them into Musicals! Which is exactly what we've done in this next article, wherein MAD proudly presents

NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE MOB'S ALL HERE

Based On "The Godfather"

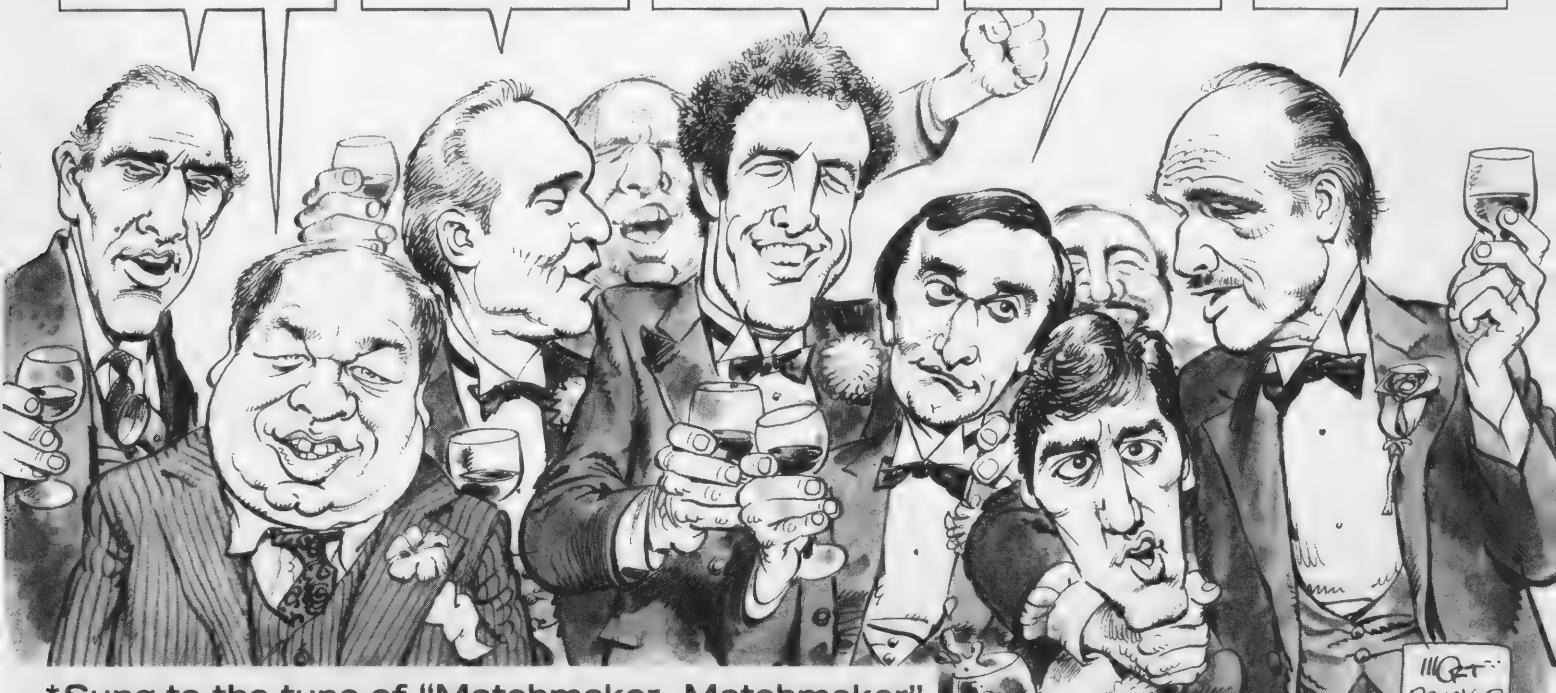
*Godfather, Godfather,
You we obey!
From you we've learned
Crime sure does pay!
Godfather, Godfather,
Give us the word
On who gets rubbed out
Today!

Godfather, Godfather,
We show respect!
We kiss your ring!
We genuflect!
One day a sculptor will
Cast you in bronze
Because you're the
Don of Dons!

We... toast... you
With glasses of Vino
We... kneel... when
You sit on the throne!
You're... big-ger
Than Carlo Gambino and
Ten times more famous
Than Al Capone!

Godfather, Godfather,
Won't you proclaim
Who we should kill?
Who we should maim?
Each time we
Mur-der
We hon-or
Your name!

So...
Let's make some hits!
Blow out some brains!
Blast 'em to bits!
Strangle 'em, too!
And make all our
Dreams...
Come... true!



*Sung to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

MORT
DRUCKER

Ah, my sons! Sonny . . . a vicious psychopathic killer, and the light of my life! Fredo . . . weak and spineless, but he moves well with his left! And Michael . . . who repays my love with the one thing I can't stand . . . DECENTY!

But, Pop!
All I
really
want is
"The Good
Life!"

Michael, as
you'll learn
from this
next
number,
this IS "The
Good Life!"

*Life is a treat
In the Mafia;
Rackets are sweet
In the Mafia;
Bigshots you'll meet
In the Mafia;
And how you'll eat
In the Mafia!

I
think a
young
man
should
go
straight!

How
can
you
be
such
an
in-grate?

I'm
no
be-
liever
in
Mob
rule!

I
think
you
went
to
the
wrong
school!



*Sung to "I Like It Here In America"

You'll have it made
In the Mafia!
Be highly paid
In the Mafia!
Learn to "persuade"
In the Mafia!
That's a skilled trade
In the Mafia!

I
want to
work
hard
and
go
straight!

I
can't
conceive
of
a
worse
fate!

I'll
make you
proud
of
what
I've
done!

How
could
I
have
such
a
bad
son?

You'll testify
In the Mafia!
Crimes you'll deny
In the Mafia!
You'll never try
In the Mafia!
Judges we buy
In the Mafia!

I'll
buy
a
business
and
go
straight!

Join
me!
I'll
buy you
the
whole
State!

Rackets
and
dope
just
aren't
my
line!

Pack
up
and
move,
'cause
you're
not
mine!



Fellow Dons! I've called
you here so that we can
put an end to the gang
wars and the bloodshed!

But why are we meeting
here . . . in a restaurant?

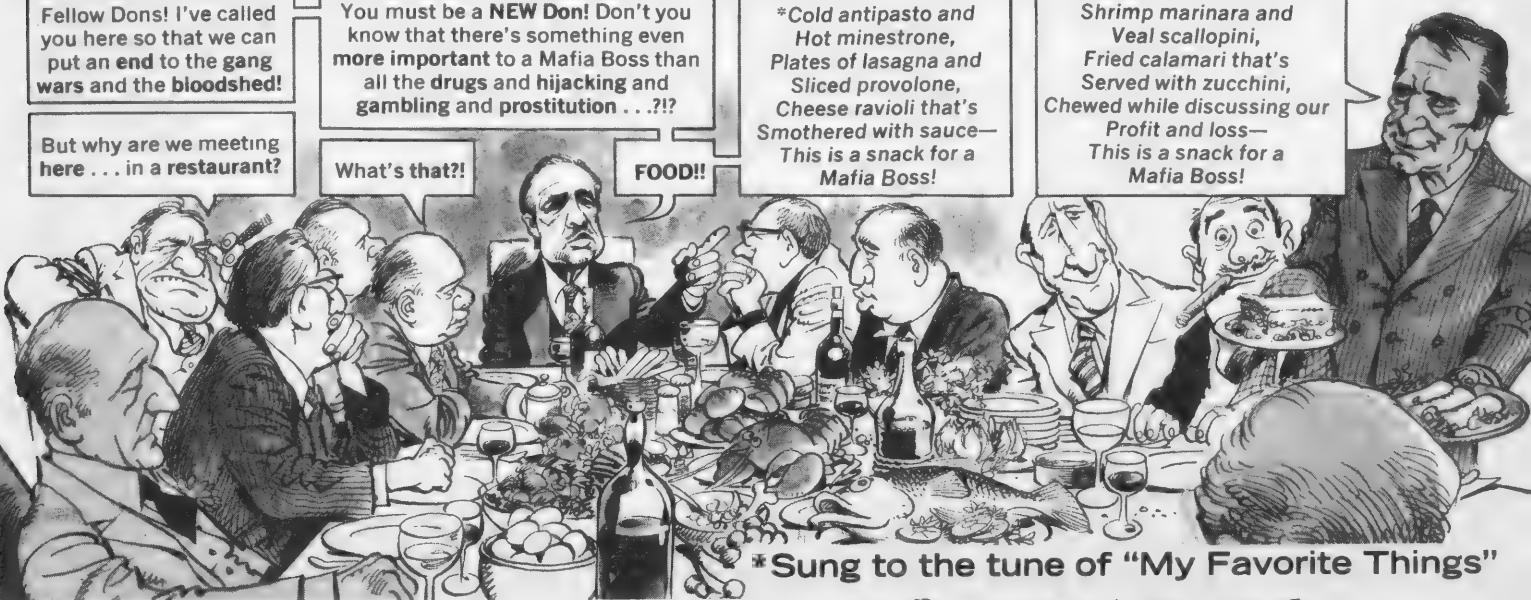
You must be a NEW Don! Don't you
know that there's something even
more important to a Mafia Boss than
all the drugs and hijacking and
gambling and prostitution . . . ?!

What's that?!

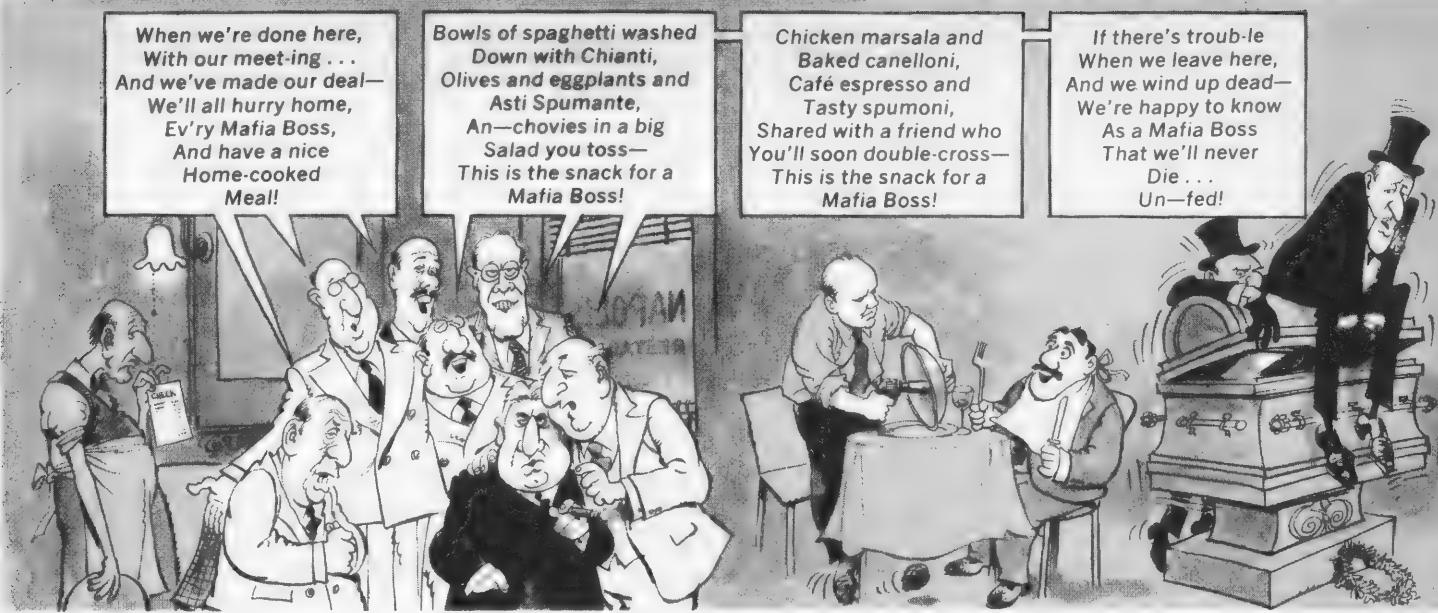
FOOD!!

*Cold antipasto and
Hot minestrone,
Plates of lasagna and
Sliced provolone,
Cheese ravioli that's
Smothered with sauce—
This is a snack for a
Mafia Boss!

Shrimp marinara and
Veal scallopini,
Fried calamari that's
Served with zucchini,
Chewed while discussing our
Profit and loss—
This is a snack for a
Mafia Boss!



*Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"



* Sung to the tune of "Get Me To The Church On Time"



THE SHARK AND I

Based On "Jaws"

*To scream the incredible scream—
To cry the hysterical cry—
To shriek—while a shark drags you under—
To know that you're going to—**ARGGHHH!!!**



*Sung (briefly) to "The Impossible Dream"

Chief . . . as the town's leading businessmen, we want you to put an end to these **SHARK RUMORS!**

RUMORS . . . ?!?
A girl's been KILLED!! How many deaths can this island take?

Of PEOPLE . . . plenty!
Or our **BUSINESSES** . . . none!
You see—



*Ten thousand tourists soon
Will disembark here;
The money that they're
Spending means a lot;
To tell them there's a great
Big hungry shark here
Is tommyrot!

It's possible in seaweed
She was strangled;
A lobster may have
Killed her on the spot;
To claim that by a shark
The girl was mangled
Is tommyrot!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
She
may have
died
inside a
whale!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
Or
met
a
vicious
snail!

She may have tried to swim right after eating;
Or met a giant clam, if you prefer;
The flu she may have got—
It's going 'round a lot!
To say a shark has
Made a meal of her . . .
Is . . . tom-my . . . rot!



*Sung to the tune of "Camelot"

Hooper . . . you're an Oceanographer and an expert on sharks! I want a detailed, scientific explanation of shark behavior!

It's very complicated, but I'll try . . .

*JAWS —a mouth, a great big mouth!

TEETH —those things that kind of crunch!

BIKE —the way sharks say "Hello!"

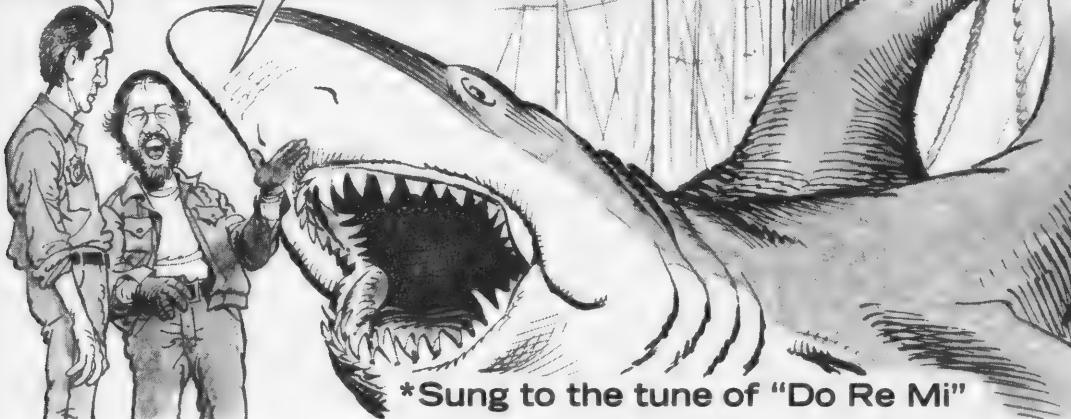
US —his fav'rite quickie lunch!

BLOOD which turns the ocean red!

CHOMP —which makes a swimmer pause!

GLUB —which means the shark's been fed!

Which brings us back to JAWS!



*Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"

Men, the shark is closing in for his attack! Does everyone know what he's supposed to do?

I'm going to lower myself into the water and stab him with a poisoned harpoon . . . the odds of bringing this off being 100,000-to-1!

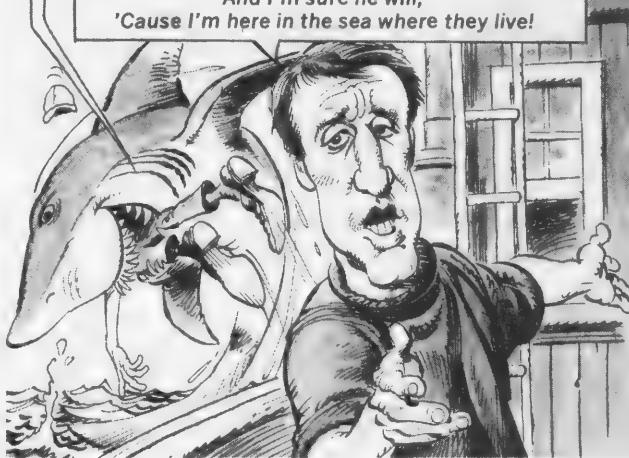
I'm going to get sea-sick, after which I'll crouch, frozen in fear, while the shark tears our boat in half!

Boy, am I sorry I asked!



THE SHARK'S GOT ME! KILL HIM, MAN! Kill Him!!

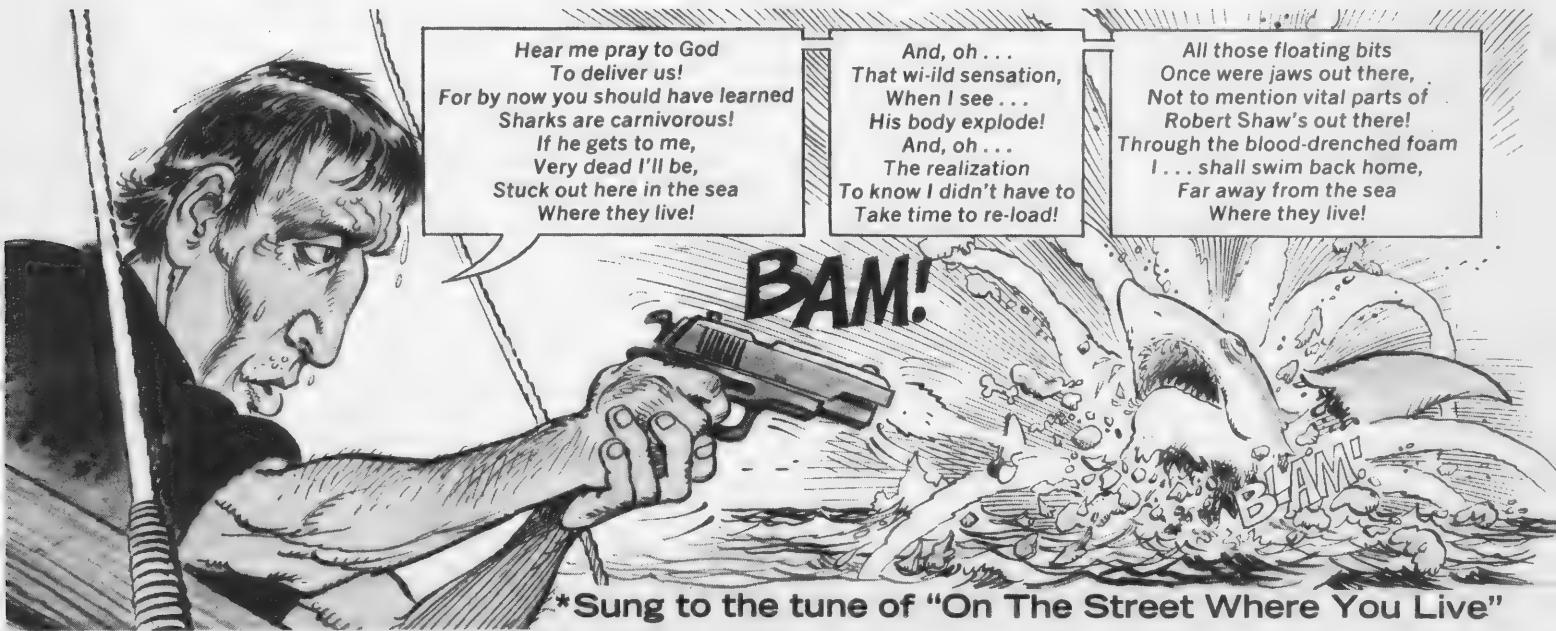
*I have never felt such great fear before; I have also never sung to sharks out here before; This one's out to kill, And I'm sure he will, 'Cause I'm here in the sea where they live!



Hear me pray to God
To deliver us!
For by now you should have learned
Sharks are carnivorous!
If he gets to me,
Very dead I'll be,
Stuck out here in the sea
Where they live!

And, oh . . .
That wi-ld sensation,
When I see . . .
His body explode!
And, oh . . .
The realization
To know I didn't have to
Take time to re-load!

All those floating bits
Once were jaws out there,
Not to mention vital parts of
Robert Shaw's out there!
Through the blood-drenched foam
I . . . shall swim back home,
Far away from the sea
Where they live!



*Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"



GO TO BLAZES!

Based On "The Towering Inferno"

Welcome to the Grand Opening of The Glass Tower! I know you're burning with curiosity and afame with excitement! So let me tell you—

*We could not wait To ded-i-cate This great enormous Spire! The show we've got Is really hot, 'Cause the Building is on Fire!

On fire! On fire! The building is on fire!

It's really grand That you're on hand In all your fine Attire! A barb-e-cue We've planned for you, 'Cause we Can't put out the Fire!

The fire! The fire! They can't put out the fire!

We're very high Up in the sky; No building reaches Higher! I'm sure no one Will eat and run 'Cause we're Trapped here in the Fire!

The fire! The fire! We're trapped here in the fire!



*Sung to the tune of "They Call The Wind Mariah"

The flames, I fear, Will soon be near, And then we will perspire; I'll share my can Of Ultra-Ban While we die here in the fire!

The fire! The fire! We'll die here in the fire!

Where did the fire start . . . ?

In the Acme Turpentine Co.!

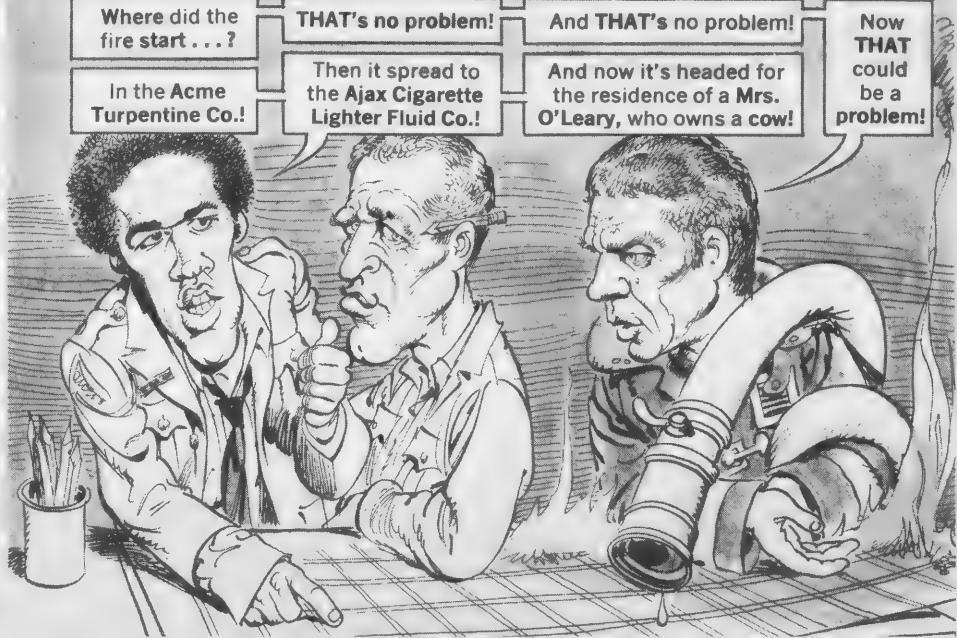
THAT's no problem!

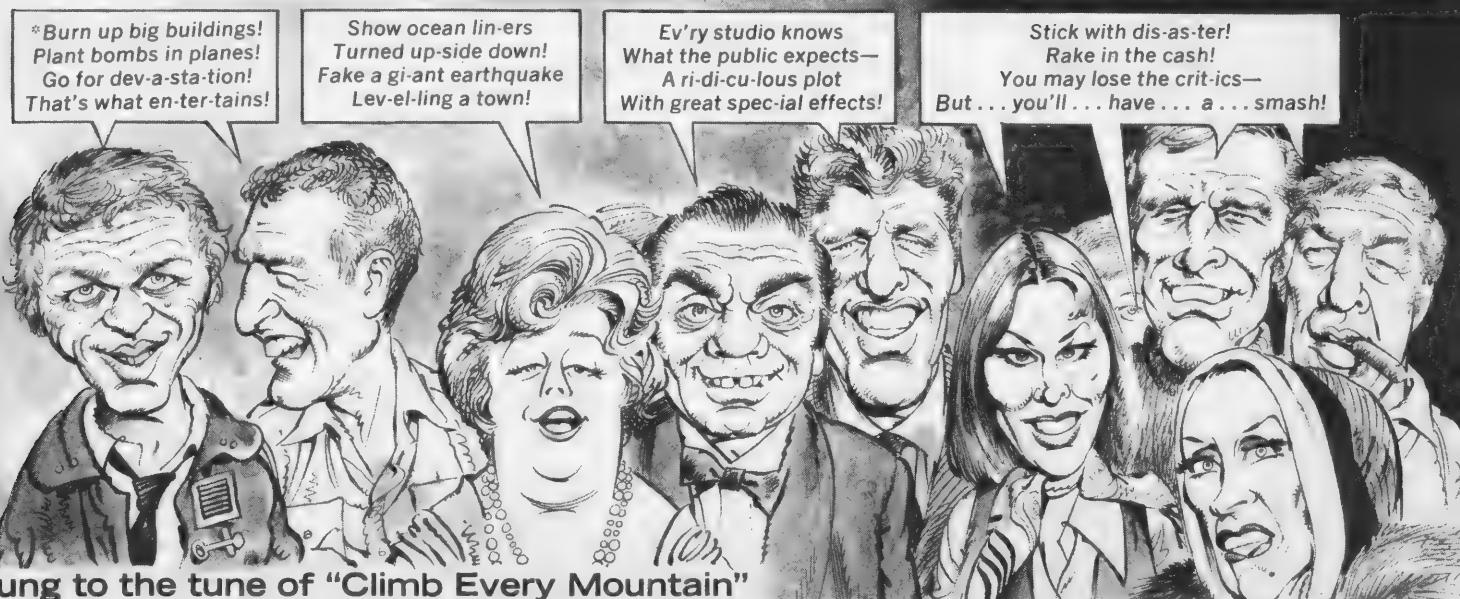
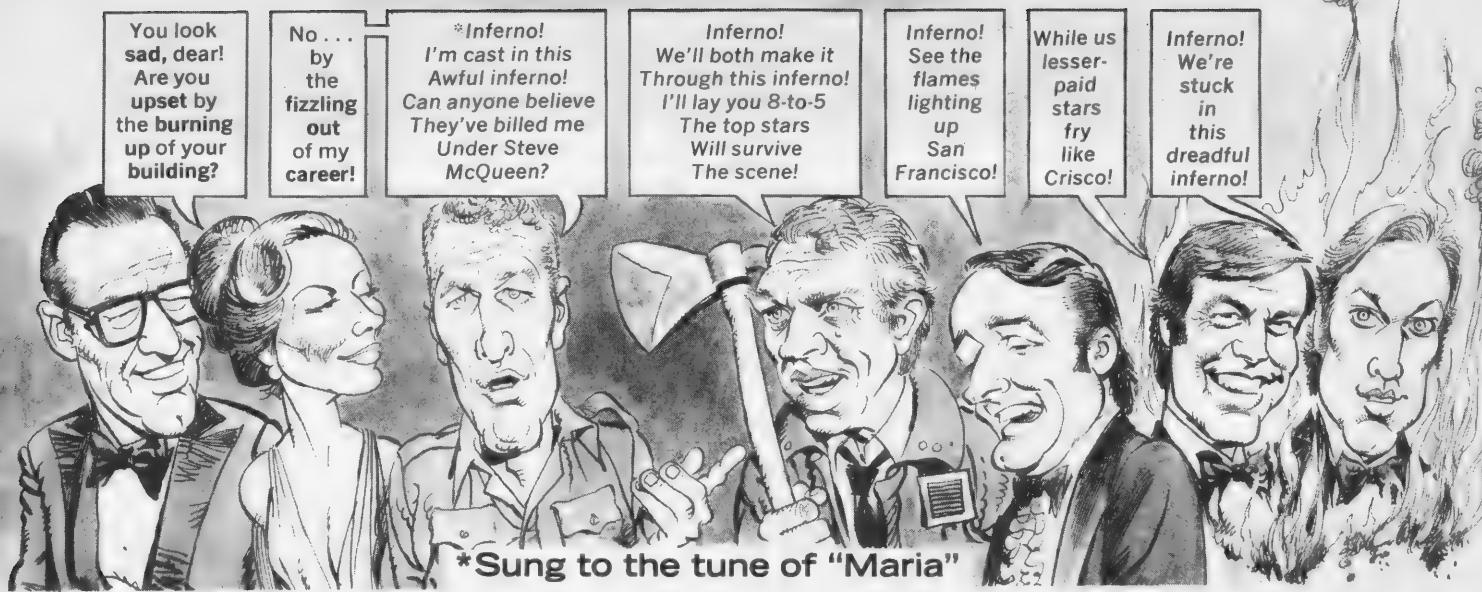
Then it spread to the Ajax Cigarette Lighter Fluid Co.!

And THAT's no problem!

And now it's headed for the residence of a Mrs. O'Leary, who owns a cow!

Now THAT could be a problem!





WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

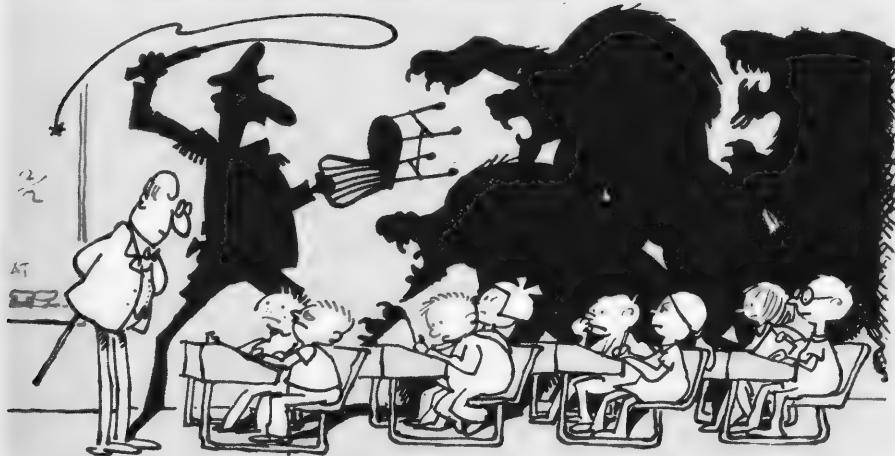
Who Knows What Evils Lurk In THE SHADOW

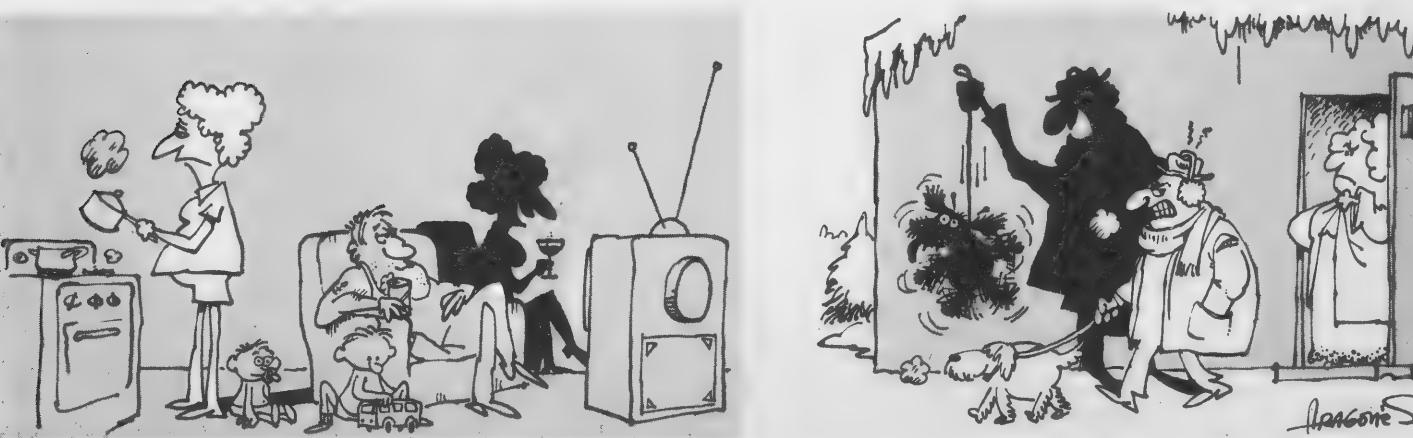


The Hearts Of Men?

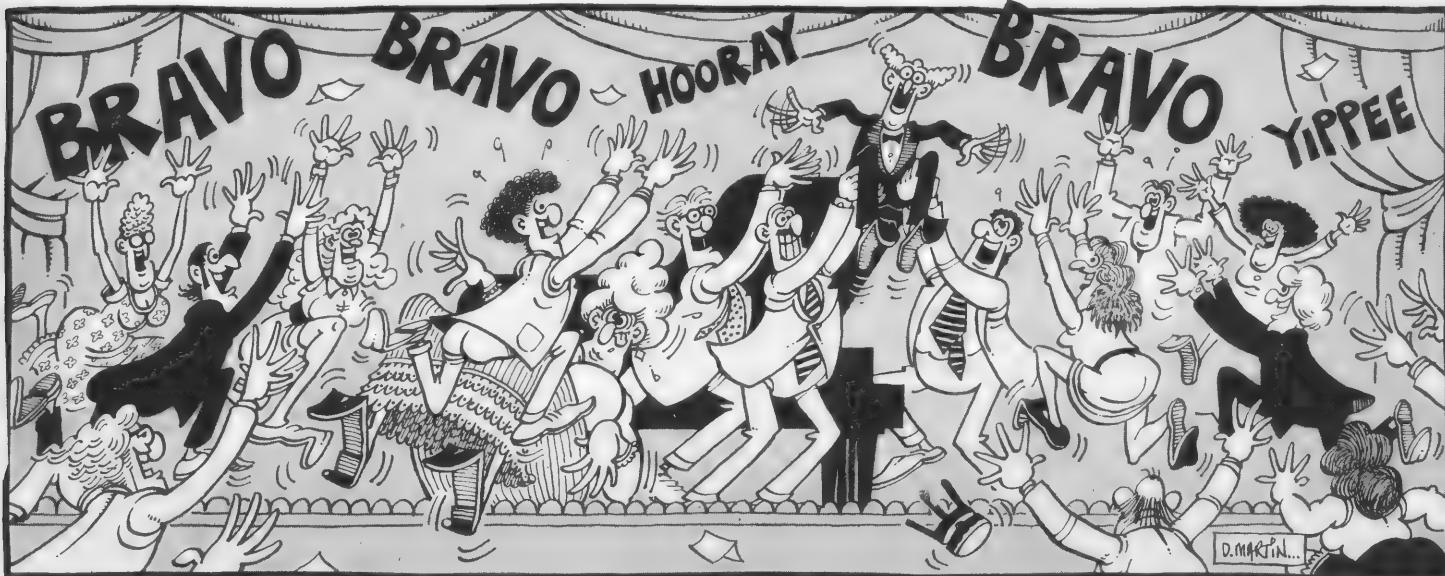
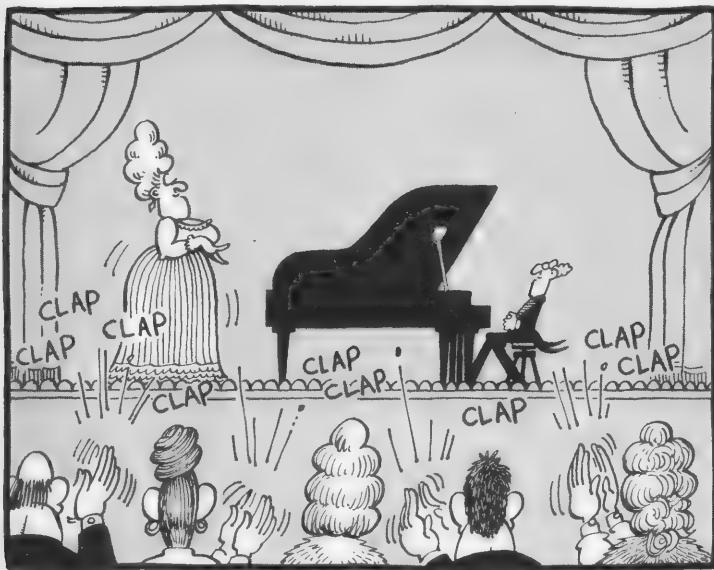
KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

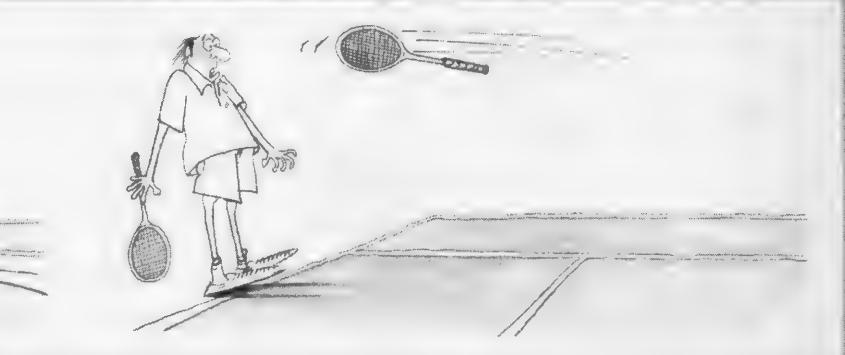
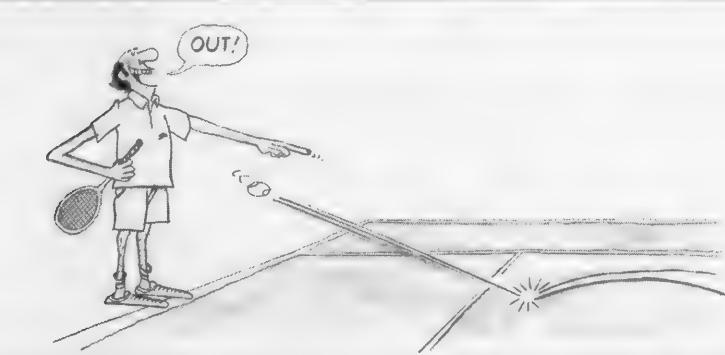




ONE FINE EVENING AT A RECITAL



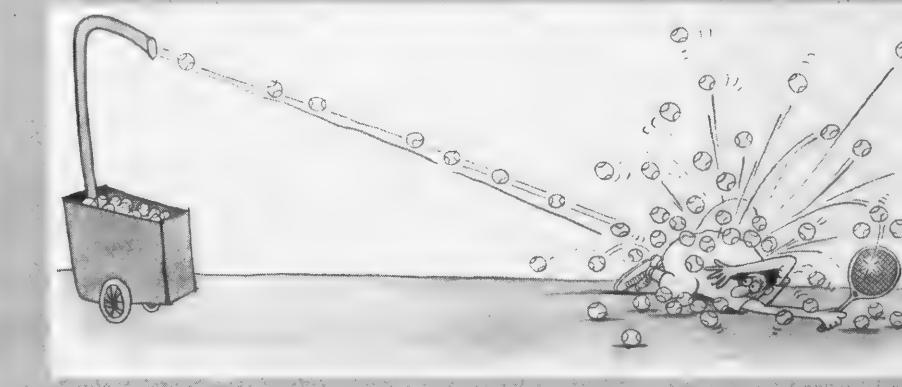
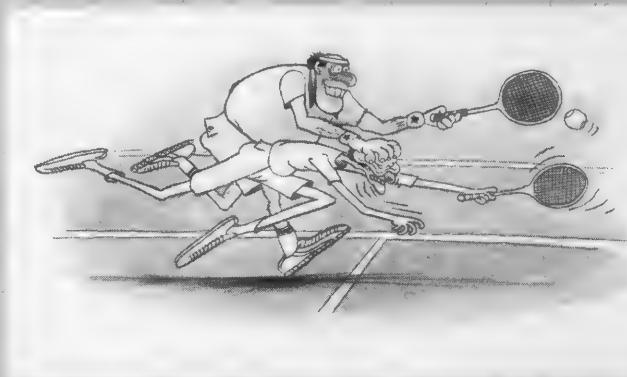
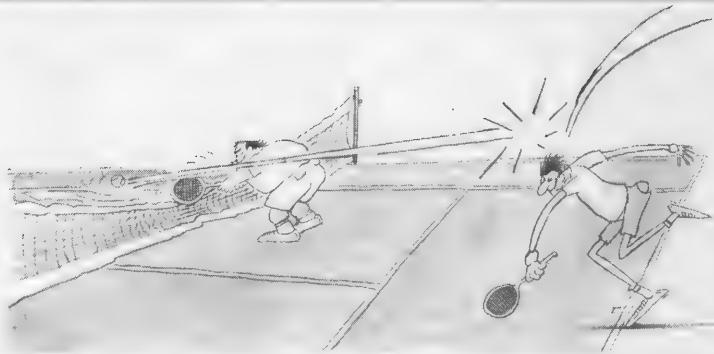
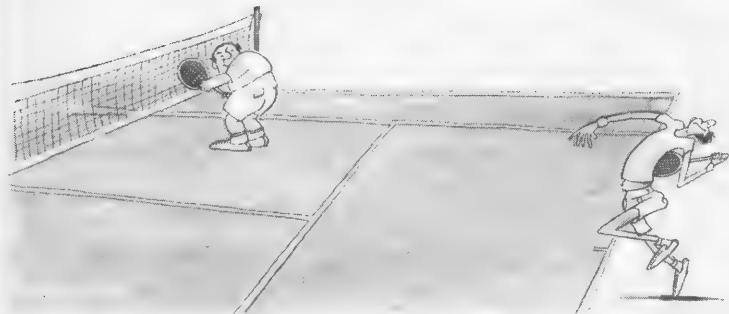
A MAD Look At The





TENNIS SET

ARTIST & WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES

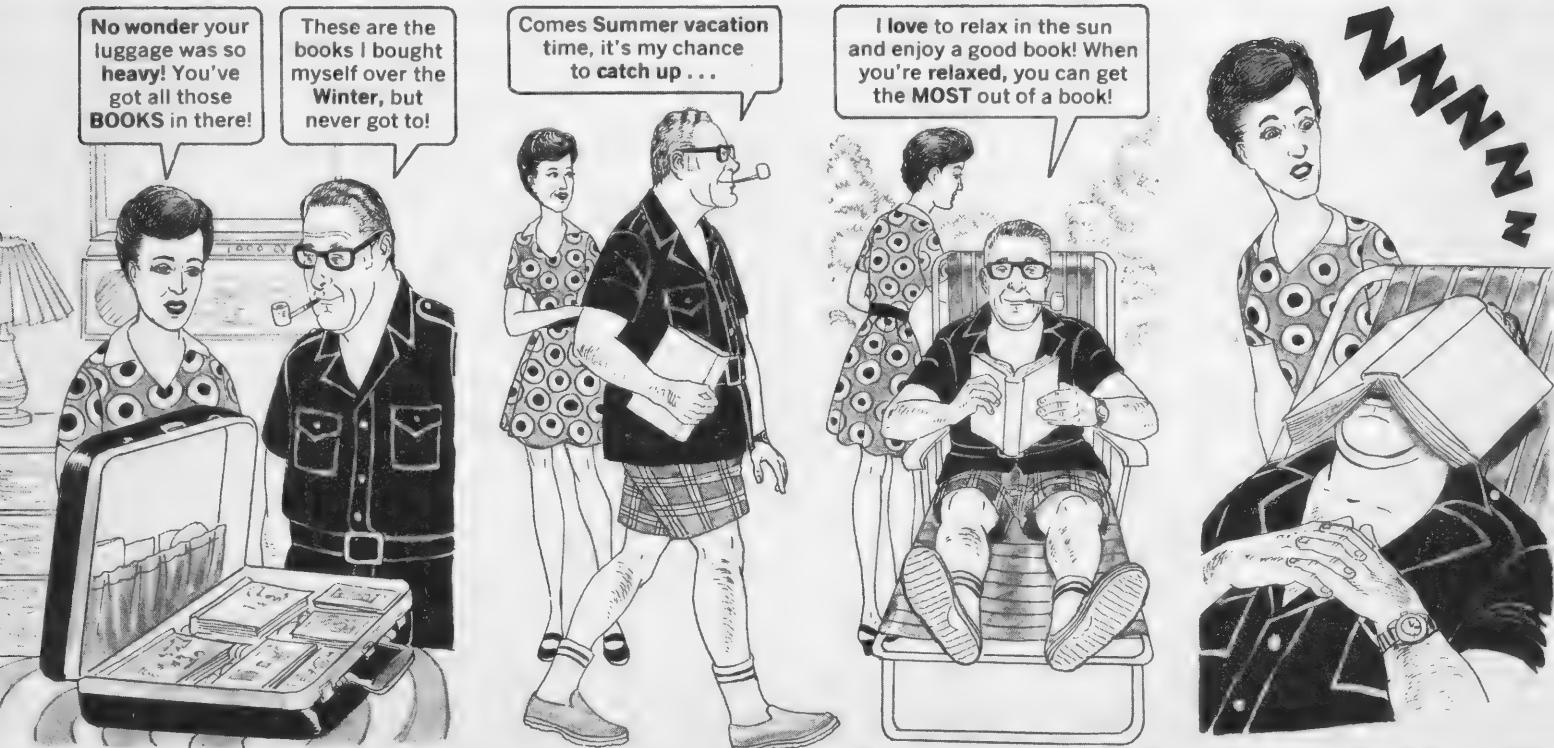




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

**THE
LIGHTER
SIDE OF...**

THE SU



I thought we'd take a nice, inexpensive driving trip . . . but look at these GAS bills!

That's because of the "anti-pollution" devices the manufacturer has to build into the engine!

Big deal!

So I've got a car that doesn't smoke!

I'd rather have a car that doesn't DRINK!!



MINER SCENE

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

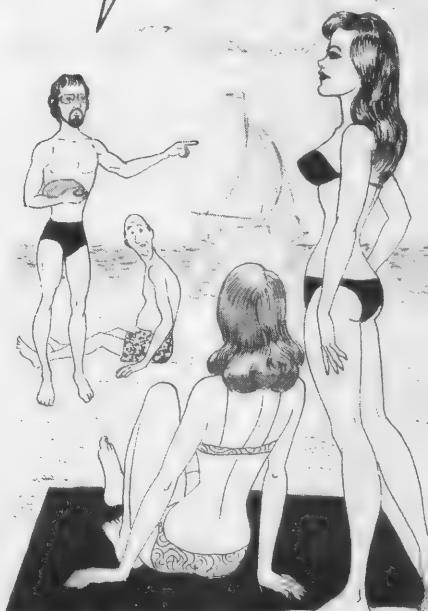
Hey!!
WATCH
IT,
there!

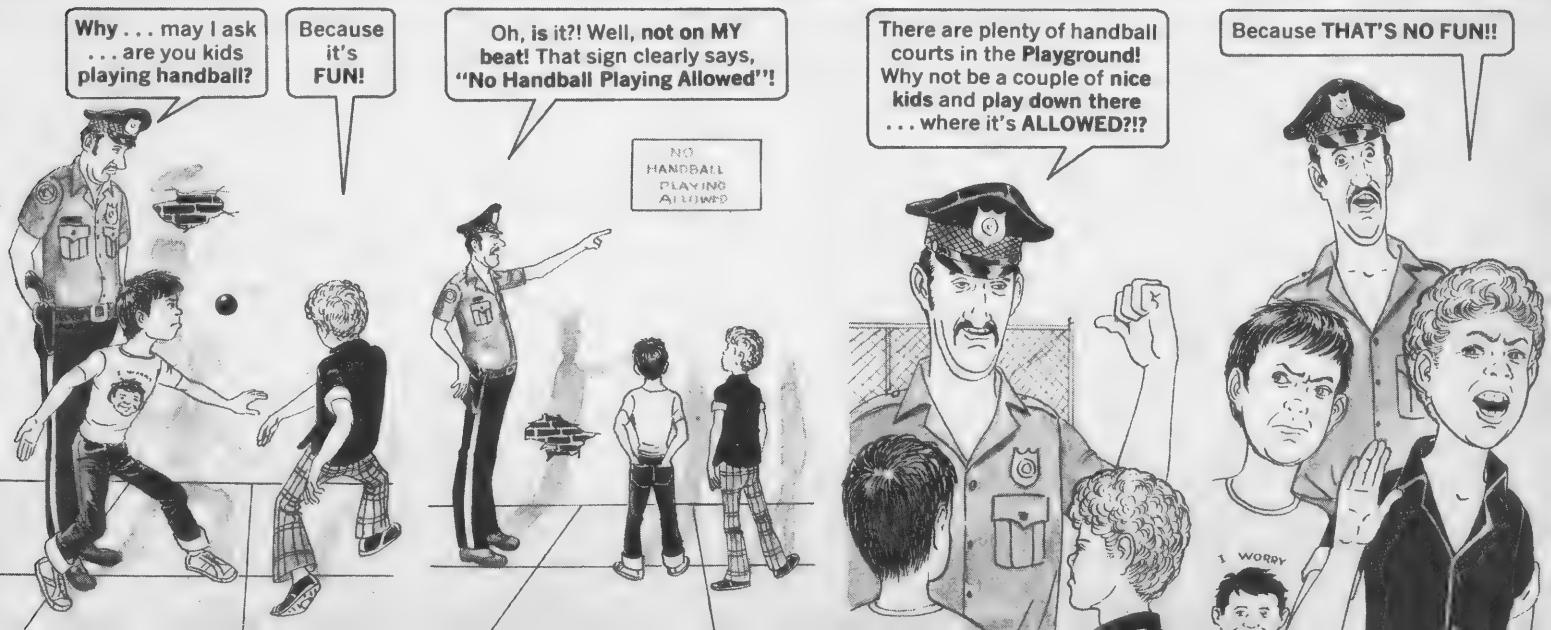
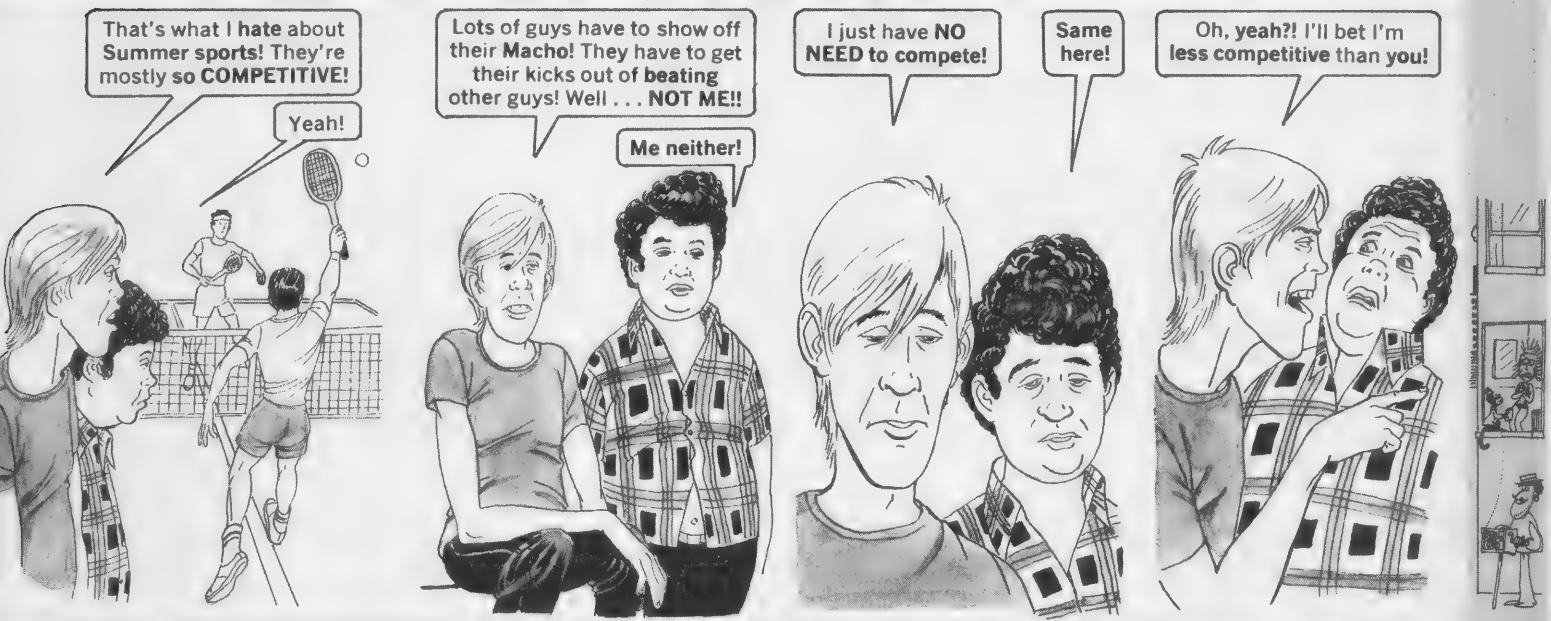
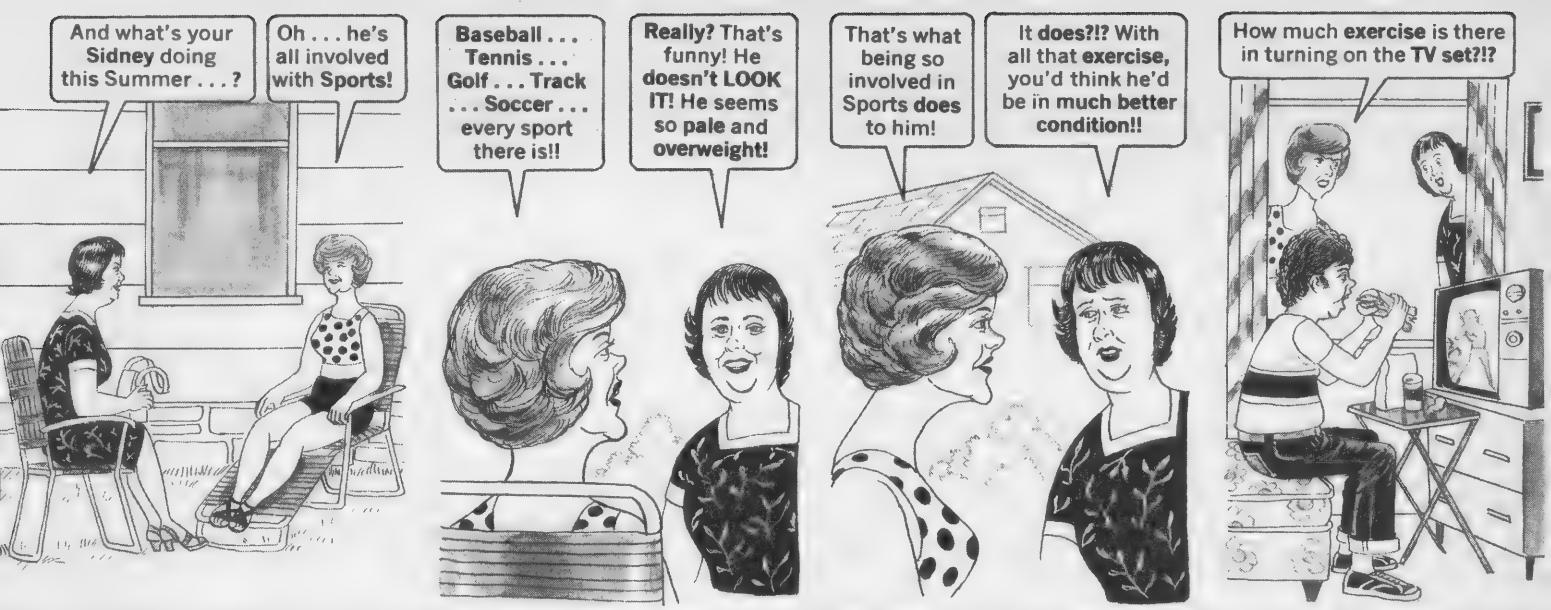
The beach is no place
to play Touch Football!
You're disturbing people
who are trying to relax!

Why don't you
go down to the
PLAYGROUND
and play there?

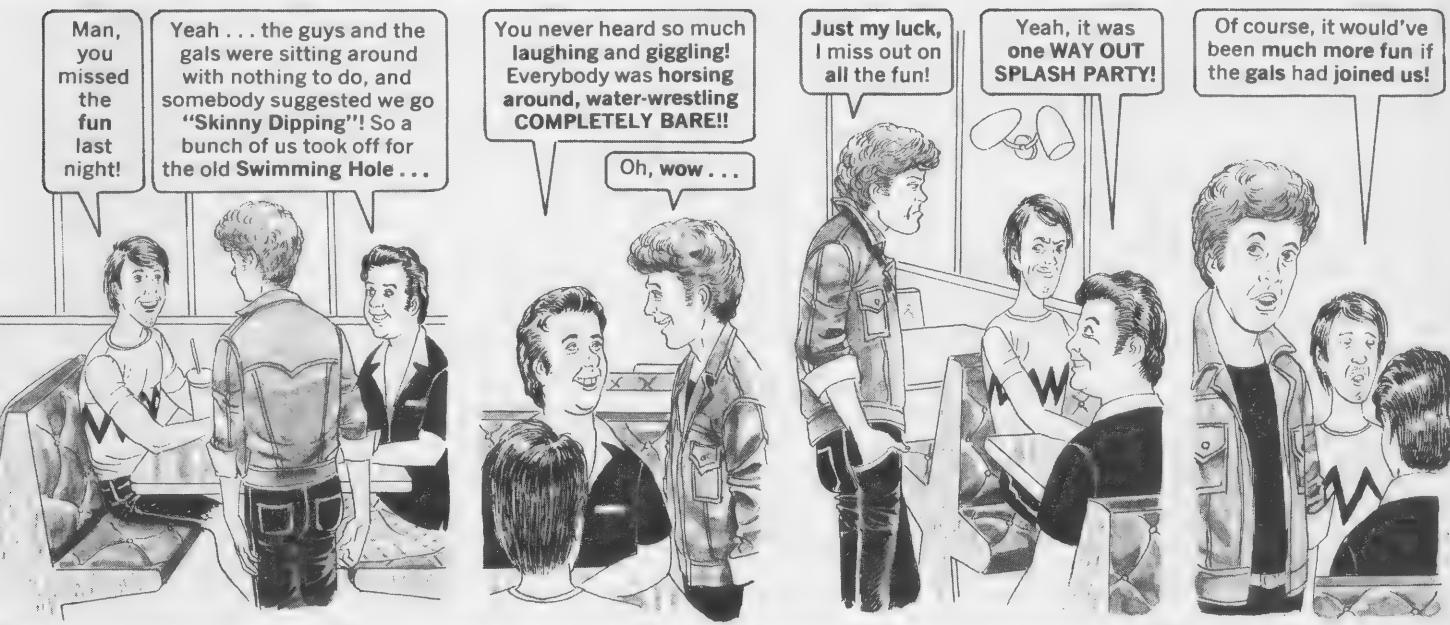
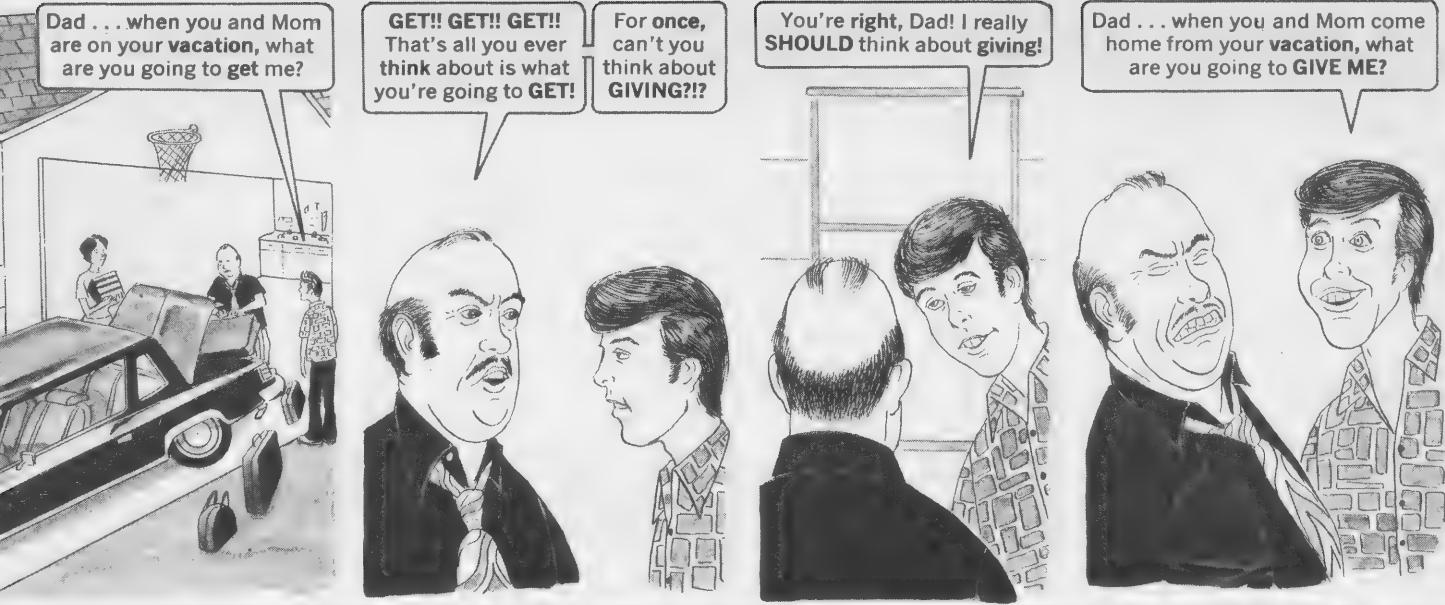
We could do that, Sir! But
there are certain advantages
in playing on the beach! If
we fall, the sand is soft!
If we get sweat ed up, we
can take a dip in the water!

But MAINLY . . . this is
where the GIRLS are!!

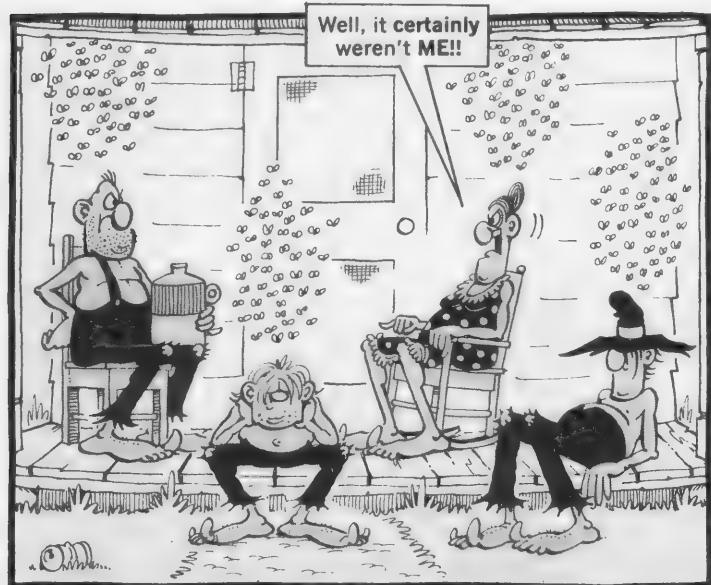
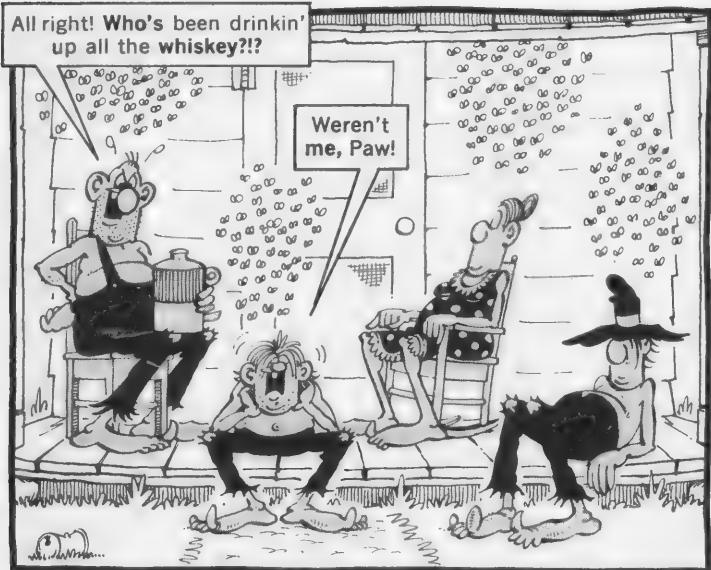
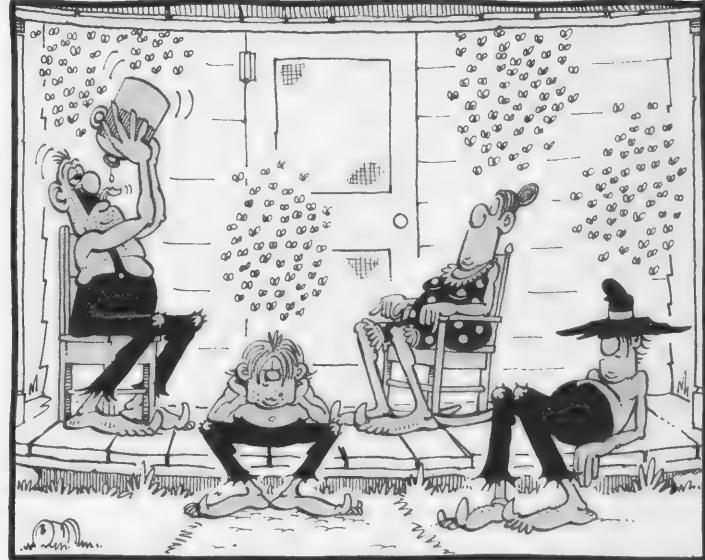
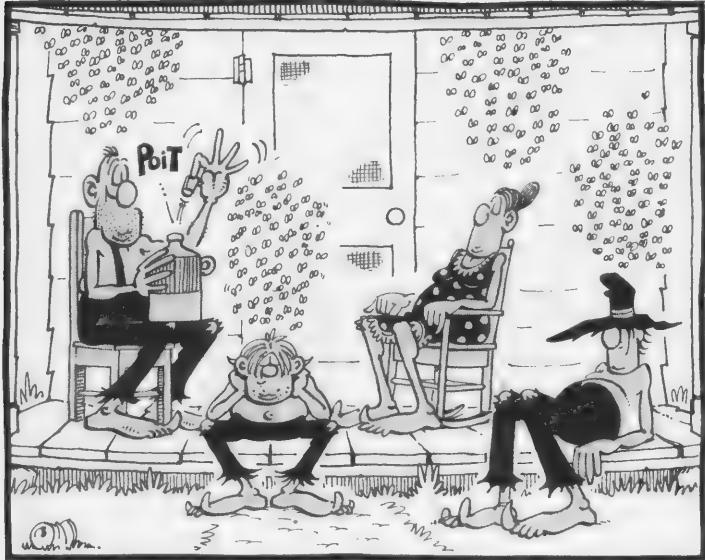








ONE AFTERNOON DOWN HOME



FOR WHOM THE BELCH TOLLS DEPT.

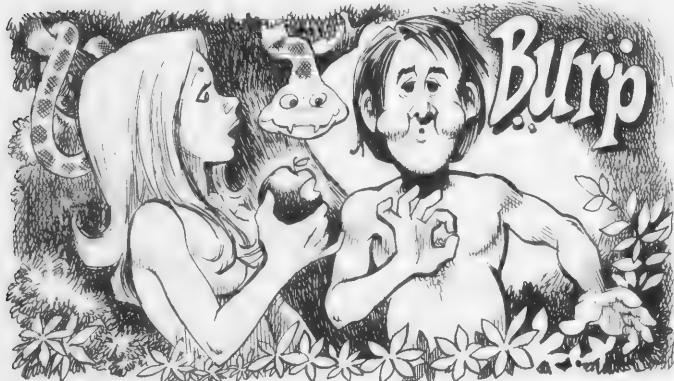
A MAD LOOK AT...

BURPS

ADAM AND EVE



SIR ISAAC NEWTON



LUCREZIA BORGIA



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



THROUGH HISTORY

GEORGE WASHINGTON



HENRY VIII



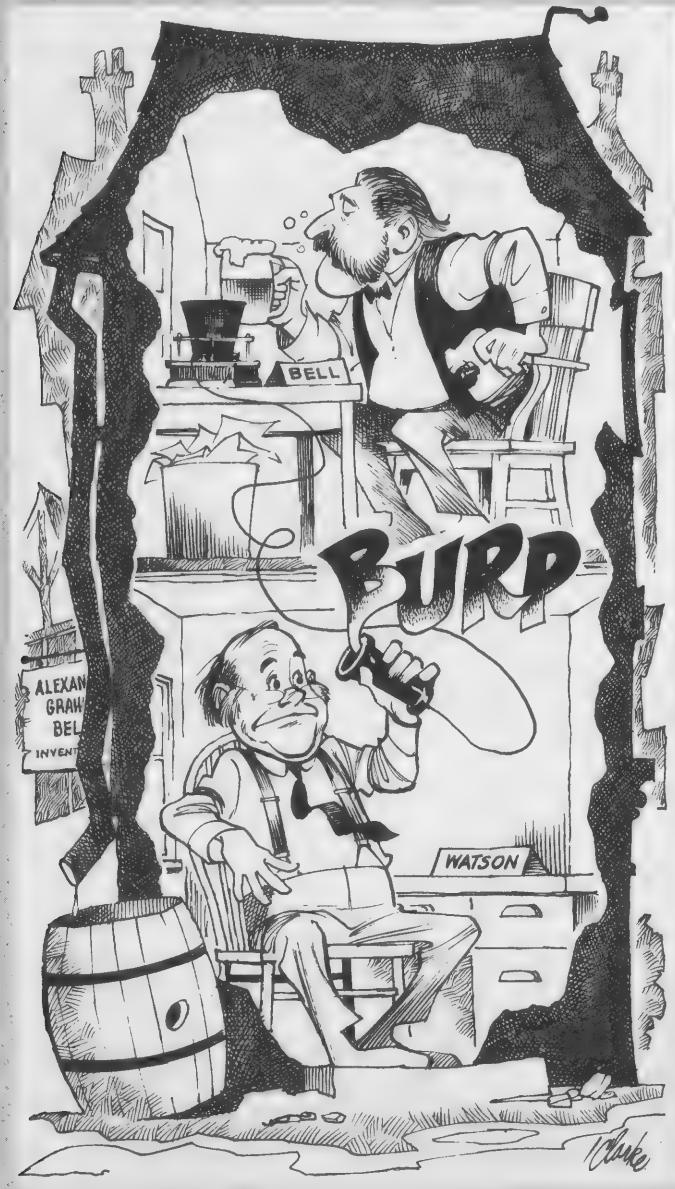
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



NAPOLEON



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL



ANCIENT POMPEII



DISGUISE DA LIMIT DEPT.

Most TV detectives have some kind of gimmick...and this latest TV detective's "thing" is wild, far-out disguises. In fact, the most unbelievable disguise he's ever used was when he passed himself off as an "actor" and accepted an Emmy for

BARFETTA

Barfetta... even though your lease says "NO ANIMALS," I never complained when you got that bird!

Like... what's to complain? Old Ferd here is a genuine Cockydoody bird, ain'cha, Ferd??!

That's Cockatoo, you dumb cluck!!

Okay! HE can stay! But the rest of those birds have to go!

Hold it, Mrs. Landlady! You're talkin' about my FRIENDS! Dis is all part of Toady Barfetta's personal rehabilitation program t' get d' criminal elements off d' streets, an' make our city SAFE!

Yeah—but did you have to get them all off the streets and into my house?

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., or Jack Webb would've thrown all these creeps into the slammer! It's disgusting! They just don't make Cops the way they used to!

You're telling ME??! Imagine a Cop that's shorter than Mickey Rooney??!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Hey, man... what happened to you?

I—I did like you said! I told them Mafia gorillas I wouldn't pay protection money!

Yeah, well you did the right thing! We'd put the Mob out of business if the other merchants around here would listen to me!

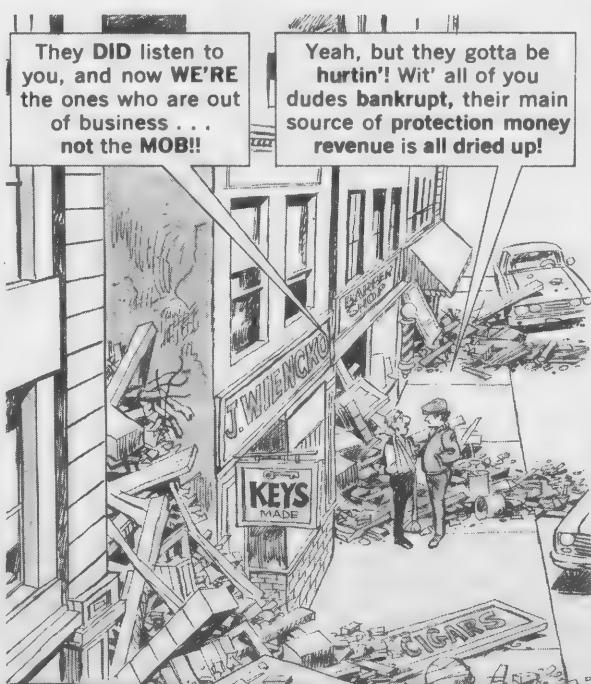
They DID listen to you, and now WE'RE the ones who are out of business... not the MOB!!

Yeah, but they gotta be hurtin'! Wit' all of you dudes bankrupt, their main source of protection money revenue is all dried up!

Where in blazes is Barfetta??!

Will somebody give that Organ Grinder's monkey a dime and get him out of here!

That's no monkey, Chief! That's Barfetta in his latest disguise!



Barfetta, take off that ridiculous disguise! This is Mr. Webfoot, the Principal of the Richard M. Nixon High School! He needs our help!

I'm afraid we're having some serious problems with our students! They have been stealing copies of exams . . . lying . . . cheating . . . blackmailing teachers . . . and they even rigged a school election!

Hey . . . didya ever think about maybe it might be a good idea to change the NAME of your High School?!!?

I know!! You want me to go undercover as a STUDENT!! How's dis . . . ?

Hubba-hubba! Fan-tas-tic! Solid, Jackson! Groovy, Gate—let's celebrate!

High School students don't dress or talk like that anymore!

They never DID, except on TV!



How about posing as a Janitor, Barfetta?! You could wear your everyday street clothes!

I'm afraid that's impossible! The Janitors have a strong Union! They won't let just ANYBODY push a broom! Perhaps you could go undercover as a TEACHER!

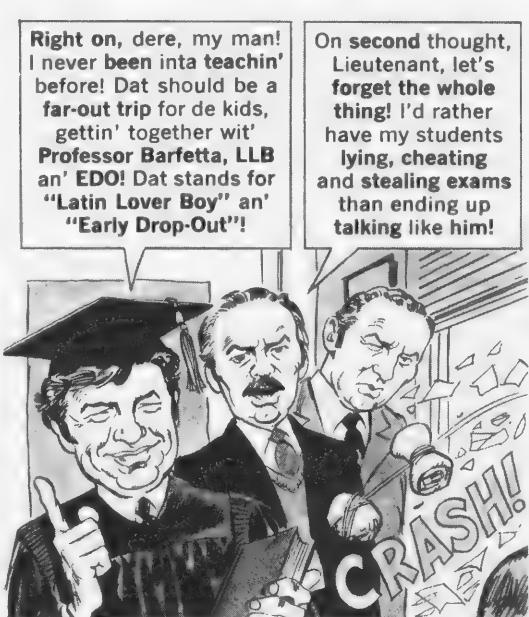
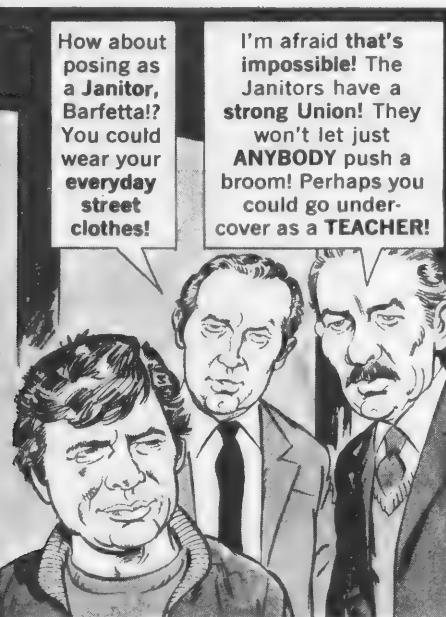
Right on, dere, my man! I never been inta teachin' before! Dat should be a far-out trip for de kids, gettin' together wit' Professor Barfetta, LLB an' EDO! Dat stands for "Latin Lover Boy" an' "Early Drop-Out"!

On second thought, Lieutenant, let's forget the whole thing! I'd rather have my students lying, cheating and stealing exams than ending up talking like him!

It's a rock with a note tied to it!

Maybe it's a letter from one of my fans!

You kidding?! The only one who gets fan mail on this show is that bird of yours!



It's from d' Mafia!

How can you tell?

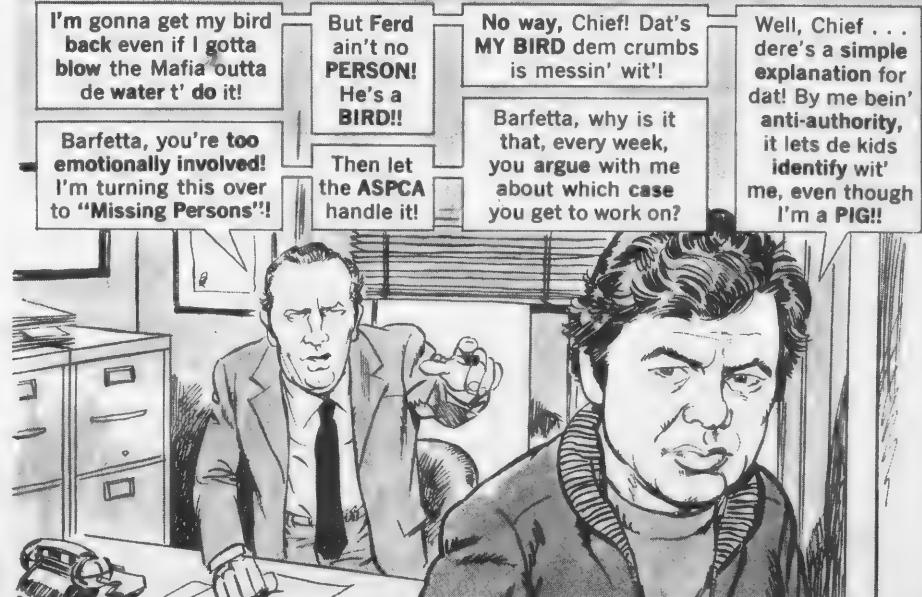
It's written on a pizza! Listen t' dis: "Barfetta, we got your bird, so keep your nose outta our business!"

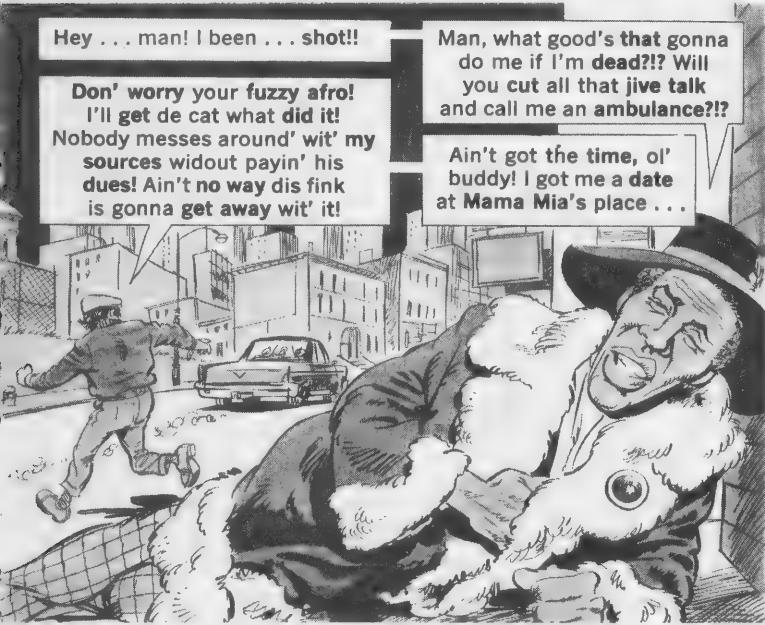
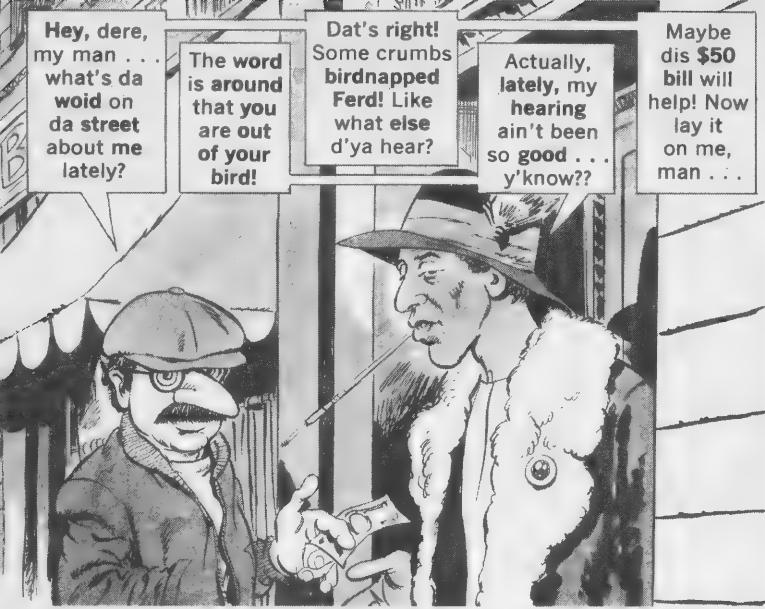
I'm gonna get my bird back even if I gotta blow the Mafia outta de water t' do it!

But Ferd ain't no PERSON! He's a BIRD!!

No way, Chief! Dat's MY BIRD dem crumbs is messin' wit'!

Well, Chief . . . dere's a simple explanation for dat! By me bein' anti-authority, it lets de kids identify wit' me, even though I'm a PIG!!





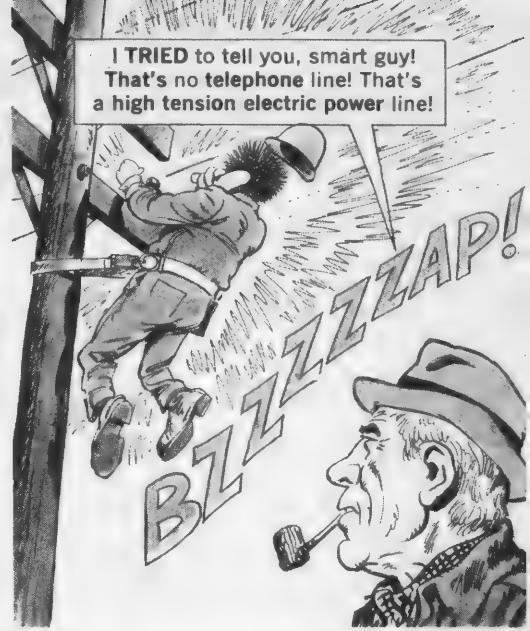
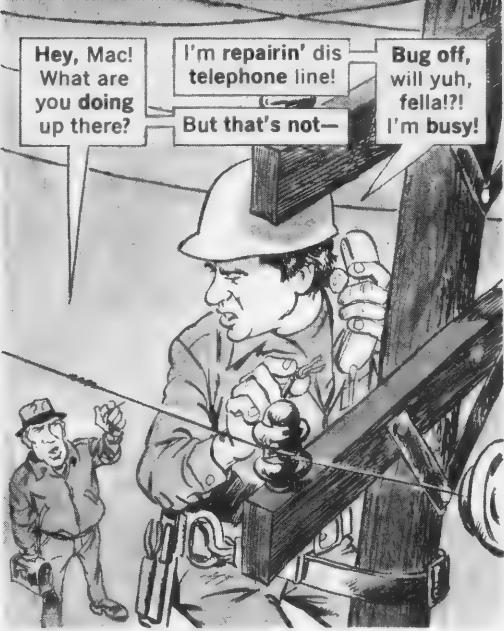
Oh-oh! He's makin' a phone call!
Dis calls for me t' get into my
Telephone Lineman's suit, an'
do me a bit of eavesdropping . . .

Hey, Mac!
What are
you doing
up there?

I'm repairin' dis
telephone line!
But that's not—

Bug off,
will yuh,
fella?!?
I'm busy!

I TRIED to tell you, smart guy!
That's no telephone line! That's
a high tension electric power line!



Salaam,
Officers!

That's
"Shalom,"
Barfetta!

How did
you
guess
it was
me?

The owner of the restaurant
called us! He got suspicious
when you ordered bacon and
eggs! Barfetta, get this . . .
Rabbis do not EAT bacon!!

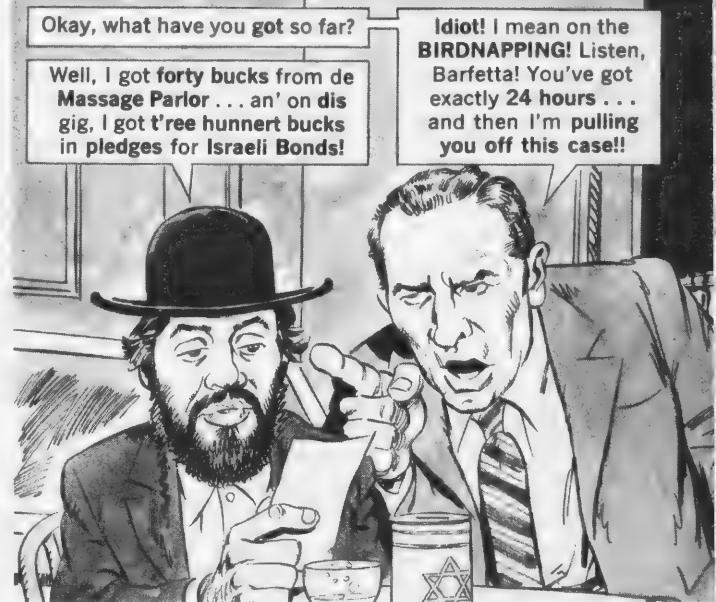
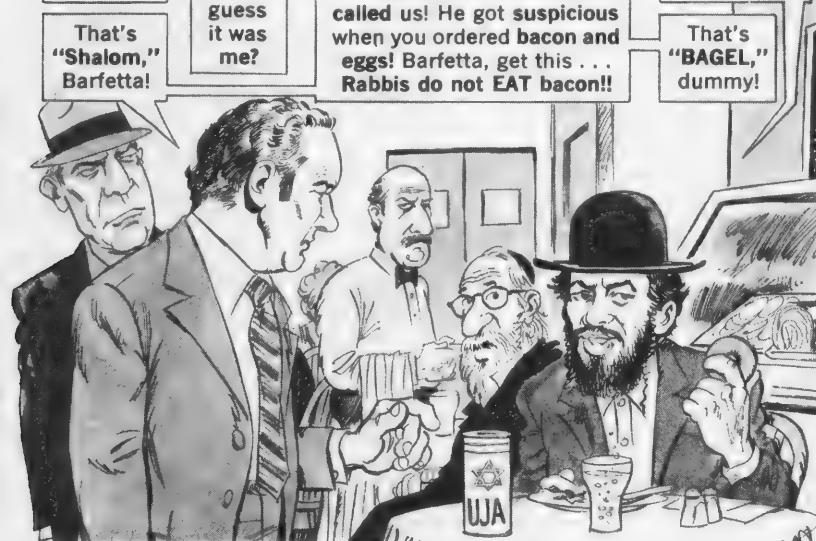
Not even on
a BUGLE???

That's
"BAGEL,"
dummy!

Okay, what have you got so far?

Well, I got forty bucks from de
Massage Parlor . . . an' on dis
gig, I got t'ree hunnert bucks
in pledges for Israeli Bonds!

Idiot! I mean on the
BIRDNAPPING! Listen,
Barfetta! You've got
exactly 24 hours . . .
and then I'm pulling
you off this case!!



Dat's all de time
I need! I got a
plan dat's gonna
pull de plug on
dese Mafia creeps!

I'm gonna do a stint in de pet store, an'
when them dudes what snatched Ferd come
in for some bird food, I'm gonna punch a
hole in de bag an' follow de birdseed
trail to their hideout! Howzat grab yuh?

What's your plan?

I'm sorry I asked!

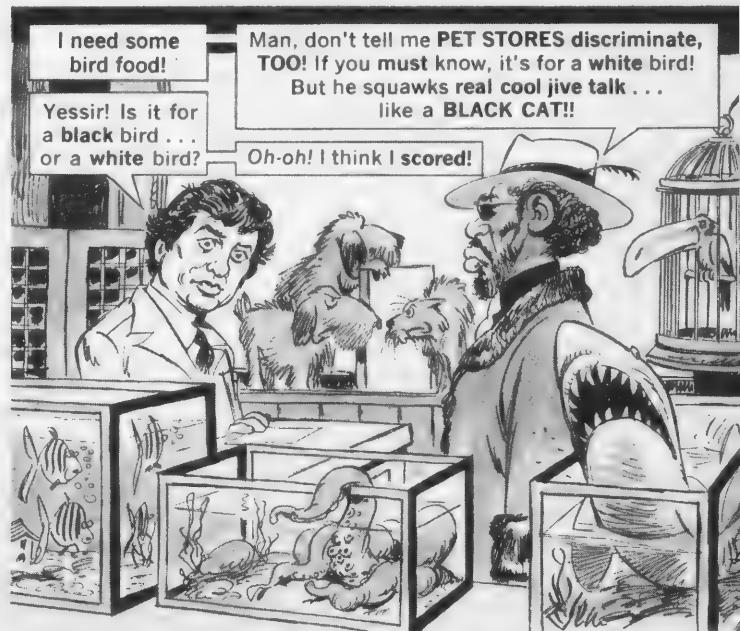
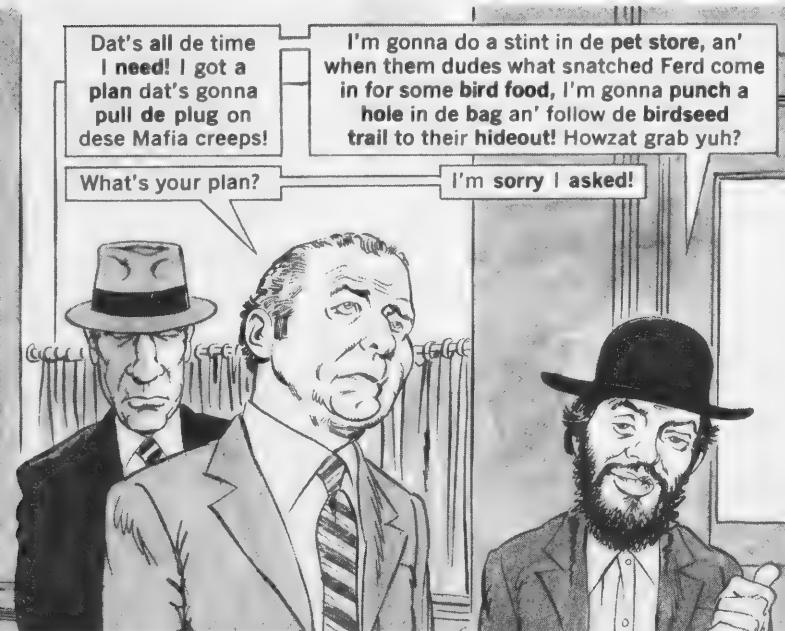
I need some
bird food!

Yessir! Is it for
a black bird . . .
or a white bird?

Man, don't tell me PET STORES discriminate,
TOO! If you must know, it's for a white bird!
But he squawks real cool jive talk . . .

like a BLACK CAT!!

Oh-oh! I think I scored!



Da trail leads right inta dat house wit' da big iron gate in front! I'll jus' crash through an' get ol' Ferd outta there!



I better use an alternate method for gainin' entrance t' dat place!

I GOT IT!! Dere's only one sure-fire way to get into a Mob Chief's pad! A FUNERAL!! But first, I'm gonna need me a corpus delectable!

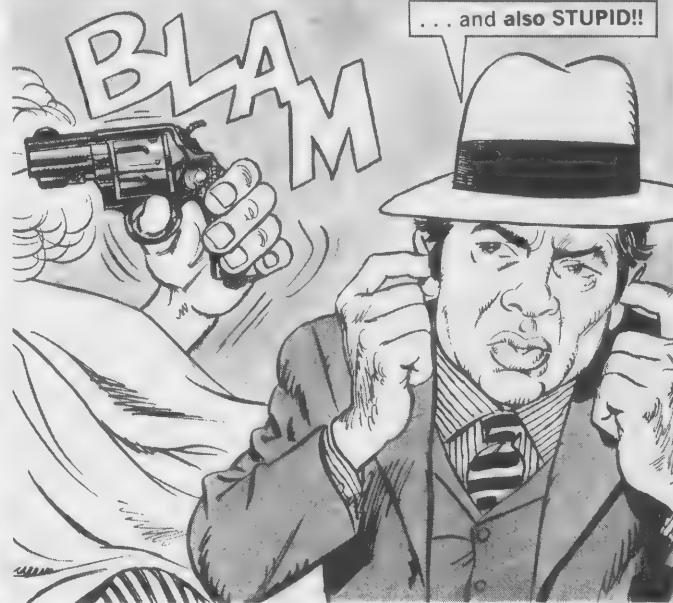


Charlie, de boss tol' me to give you dis contract, an' he says you should make the hit right away!

Don't I always?! Hey!! I can't carry out this contract! It's on ME!!

Man, you're forgettin' your "Hit Man's Oath"!!

Oh . . . yeah! I remember . . . "A Hit Man is trustworthy, loyal, and OBEDIENT . . ."



Good afternoon, my good man! I have taken the liberty of delivering dese lovely flowers for de funeral!

Huh? What funeral?! We ain't got no funeral here today!

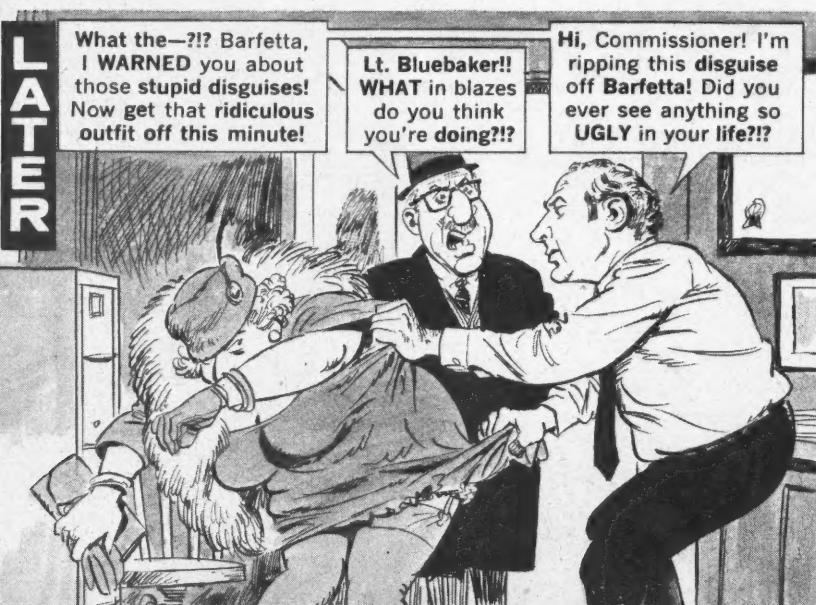
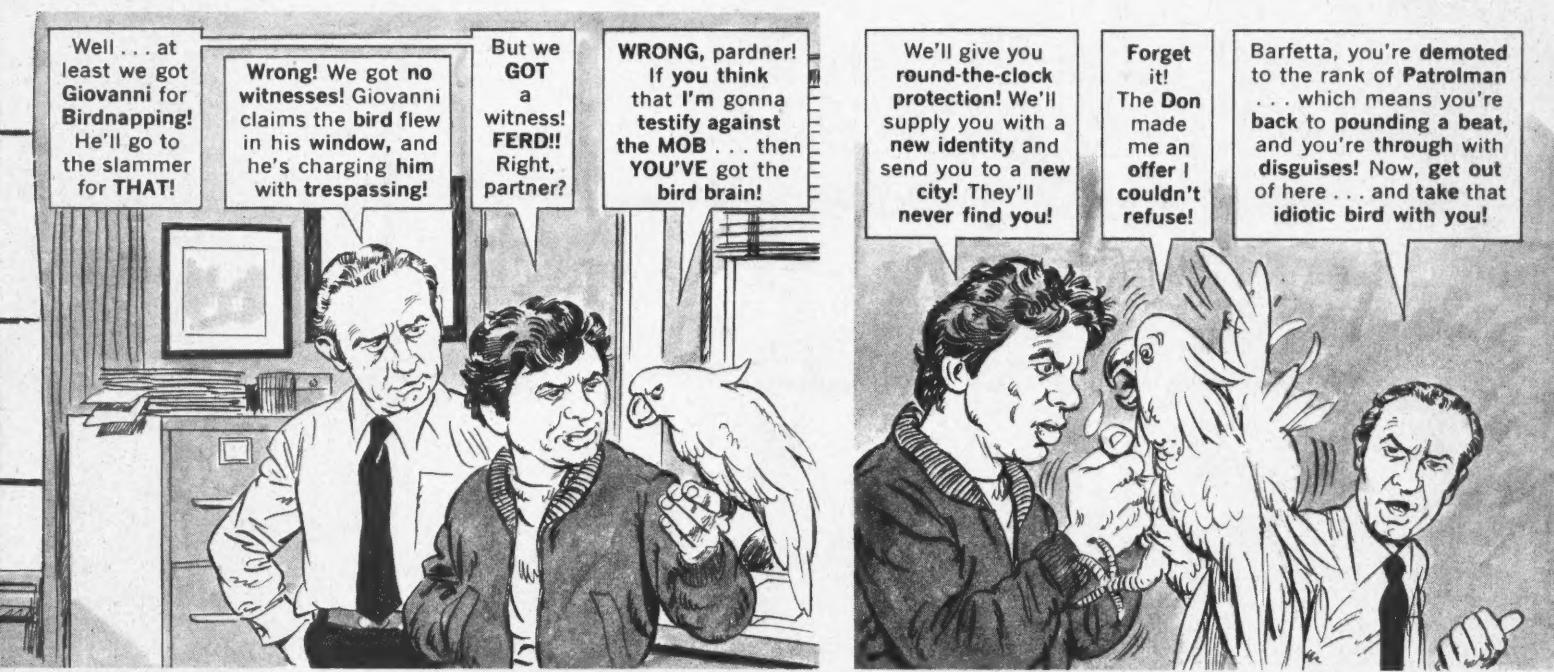
Oh, but you are wrong! The deceased is the late Hit Man, Little Charlie Scungilli! I was passing the Beauty Parlor—I mean—the Barber Shop—when he met his untimely end! Therefore, I have also taken the liberty of delivering his body to the only family he has, the Don Giovanni Mafia Crime Family!



Don Giovanni! Allow me to introduce myself! I am Detective Toady Barfetta! And you're under arrest!

You can't arrest me! My taxes are all paid up!





WHAT PARTICULAR
SPECIES IN OUR
ENVIRONMENT IS
SURE TO GET
SPECIAL
PROTECTION
FROM ANY WINNING
CANDIDATE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

There are many creatures in our environment that look to our elected officials for their survival. But one particular animal has no worries at all because it is always fully protected by the winning candidates. To find out which species this is, fold in page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



Jaffee

FIERCE FIGHTS FOR SURVIVAL AFFECT SPECIES AT
ALL LEVELS OF OUR ENVIRONMENT. BUT EVERY
CANDIDATE WHO WINS HAS ONE SPECIES HE PROTECTS

A

B

LET'S VOTE FOR
**ALFRED E.
NEUMAN**

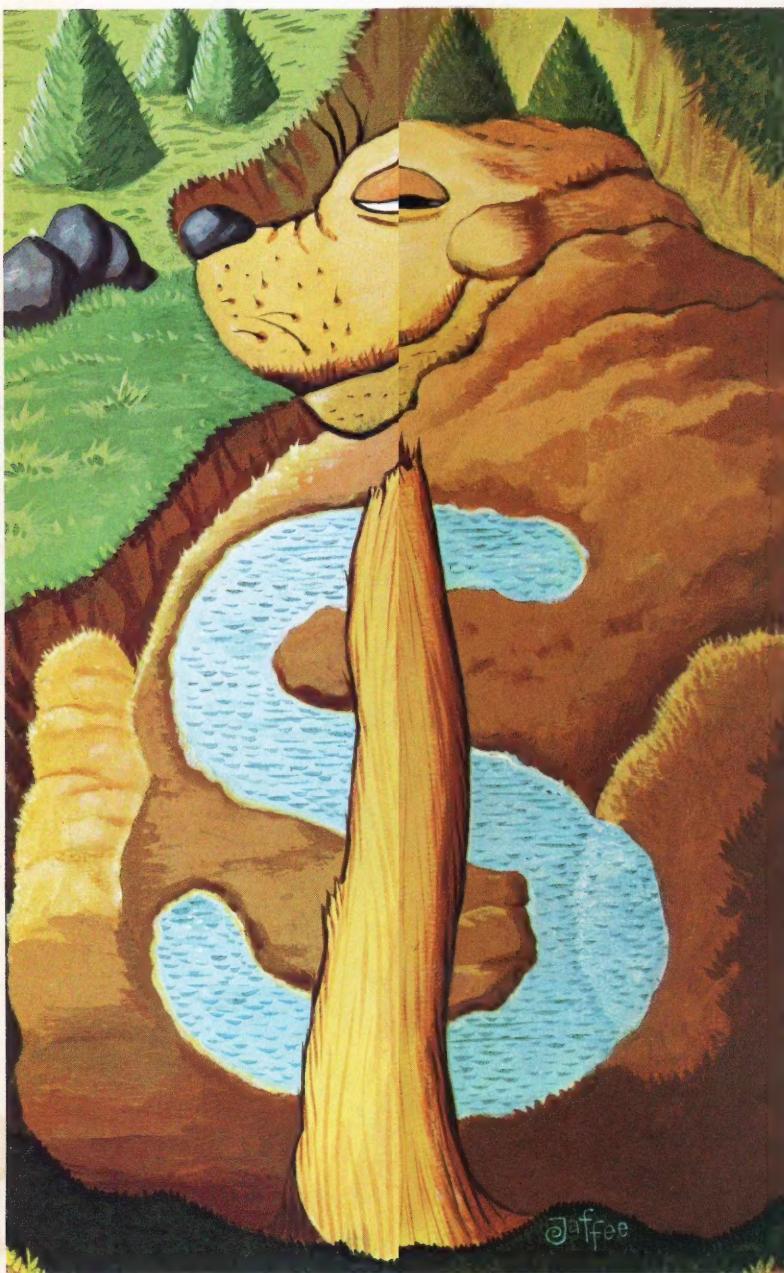


FOR PRESIDENT
THERE ARE BIGGER IDIOTS RUNNING!

WHAT PARTICULAR
SPECIES IN OUR
ENVIRONMENT IS
SURE TO GET
SPECIAL
PROTECTION
FROM ANY WINNING
CANDIDATE?



A ▶ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



FAT

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

CATS
A ▶ B